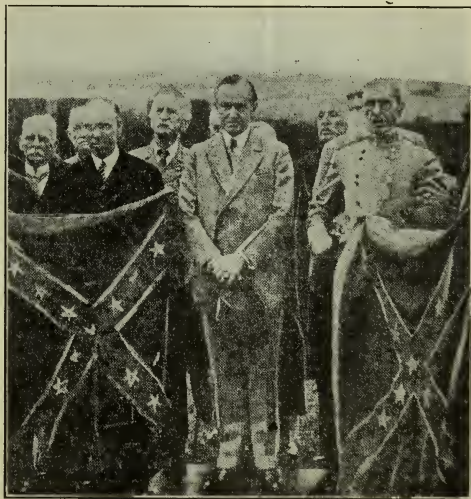


Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1928

NO. 2



FLAGS OF THE SOUTH RETURNED.

Central figures of a group showing Confederate flags recently returned from the State of Maine to Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas, the formal ceremonies taking place in Washington, D. C. Afterwards the participants called on President Coolidge, who is in the center of group, with Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Virginia, on the right. (See page 50.)

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

In the following list are many valuable works on Confederate history, and all of them more or less scarce at this time. As time goes on their value increases, as they become more and more difficult to procure, and those who are interested in building up a Confederate library should not let this opportunity pass. As there is but one copy to offer of some, your second and third choice should be given.

Short History of the Confederate States of America. By Jefferson Davis. Cloth.....	\$5 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two vols.....	8 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00
Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. J. D. Richardson. Two vols.....	7 00
Life and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
Four Years under Mars' Robert. By Col. Robert Stiles.....	3 50
Reminiscences of the Civil War. By Gen. John B. Gordon.....	5 00
Scrap from the Prison Table of Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, with list of prisoners there exchanged September, 1862. A valuable historic record. By Joe Barbieri.....	5 00
Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. John N. Craven.....	4 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards, who served with the great Missouri cavalry leader.....	5 00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Raphael Semmes.....	7 50
Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.....	5 00
With Sword and Scalpel. By Dr. John N. Wyeth.....	5 00
A Southern Girl in 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright.....	4 50
Poems by Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

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Mrs. B. F. Palmer, of Rockingham, N. C., inquires for any comrades of her father, Martin G. Shores, who served with Company B, 21st North Carolina Regiment. He joined this company on May 12, 1861, and fought all through the war. He was wounded several times, once in the right knee, and a comrade took him on his back for a long distance. Mrs. Palmer would like to hear from anyone who knows anything of this.

C. H. Lee, Jr., president of the Pendleton Bank, Falmouth, Ky., renews his subscription for five years, which extends his time into 1933—and he will be ready to renew from that!

J. A. Burgess, of Cottage Grove, Oregon (North Lane), would like to hear from any survivors of the 3rd and 4th Dismounted Missouri Cavalry who were at Okolona, Miss., in February, 1865.



J. A. Joel & Co.

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AND STATE FLAGS
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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., who is collecting Confederate-made weapons for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., is now collecting C. S. belt plates and buttons, as the Museum has no adequate collection of these relics. Anyone having these items is invited to address him as above, or Mrs. H. J. Berkley, President Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C.

William Epps, Sr., of Kingstree, S. C., would like to know how many of the "Immortal Six Hundred" are still alive, and who they are. He writes: "I belong to that organization, and will be eighty-five years old on the 17th of January. I would like to know how many of us are still answering the roll call on this side. I am sure all of us would like to see the list of survivors in the VETERAN."

Mrs. C. A. Stringer, of Headland, Ala., is anxious to learn where her father, Arthur Macauley Redding, was held in prison for the last nine months of the war. He went into the war from Barbour County, near Louisville, Ala., was captured and imprisoned, but she does not know his command nor where he was confined. She will appreciate any information on this.

LIFE and LETTERS of
MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and tie, enclosed in an ornate oval frame. The man has dark hair and a serious expression. The frame is decorative with scrollwork.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, Editor.

MEMORIAL PARK ON MONOCACY BATTLE FIELD.

The interesting article on the battle of Monocacy, Md., by Judge Glenn Worthington, in the January VETERAN, is followed in this number by an article on the same subject by one who took part in the battle, and there are doubtless others among the readers of the VETERAN who will be all the more interested because of their part in that battle. This historic spot is not so very far from the city of Fredericksburg, Md., and many of the leading citizens of Frederick are interested in having the old battle field area made into a memorial park, feeling that a battle of such importance, for it delayed the Confederate advance on Washington, deserves recognition from the government for having saved the city from possible capture, for in thus delaying the Confederates, time was given the Federals to bring other troops into the defenses about Washington. In concluding his report of the battle, Gen. Lew Wallace said: "Orders have been given to collect the bodies of our dead in one burial ground on the battle field, suitable for a monument, upon which I propose to write: 'These men died to save the national capital, and they did save it.'"

Several monuments have been erected on the battle field of the Monocacy by the survivors of some of the Union forces engaged in that battle. Pennsylvania has a monument; New Jersey has a monument; Vermont has one, but since the relocation of the Georgetown road these monuments are no longer accessible, at least, they are very much neglected and some of them almost hidden from view by bushes and briars growing up around them. The national government has never even so much as placed markers on the battle field to indicate where this tremendously important and most sanguinary battle occurred.

HOW TO GET THE TRUTH KNOWN.

The following letter by Capt. W. W. Carnes to his local paper at Bradenton, Fla., tells of what he has done there to get the truth of Southern history before the people, and it is also a splendid commendation of a book which deserves the appreciation of our people generally. It is hoped that Captain Carnes's example will be followed in many other localities throughout the South and libraries be built up by gifts of these books and others which are accurate in their presentation of Southern history. Captain Carnes wrote to his paper as follows: "The preservation of the truth of history is the main object of the United Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy. In the generation following the close of the War between the States, it was impossible to get before the people of this country any true statement of facts concerning the causes and conduct of that war, but in the present generation, born since those years of civil strife, intelligent people in all sections of the country are disposed to learn the truth. I wish to contribute a little to that end.

"In 1866, Mr. R. G. Horton, of New York, published in a small volume 'A Youth's History of the Great Civil War,' but the original issue and one or more subsequent editions were destroyed, as far as could be found, by the radical South haters. Two years ago the book was republished, and

among other commendatory notices of it the following is the comment of the head of the history department of a prominent school in Pennsylvania: 'I have read carefully "Horton's Youth's History of the Great Civil War." The material found in this book is exactly to the point. I believe that it should have a place in every library and school in this country. As a teacher of American history in a Northern school, no one realizes more fully than I the need of a book of this nature that speaks the truth, and if read by Northern and Southern students, it will be a great factor in correcting the wrongs which have been done the South by false history.'

"Those who undertook the republication of this book asked for its indorsement by the United Confederate Veterans and, on recommendation of the committee to which it was submitted, the last U. C. V. convention at Tampa gave its unanimous approval 'as to the facts of history shown.'

"I am placing in our library here a copy of this reprinted volume so that it may be read by anyone disposed to get a New York man's record of the war of 1861-65.

"I am also presenting to the library a copy of 'Women of the South in War Time,' in which there is shown what Southern women went through during the Confederate war and closes with an account of their contributions in money and personal service during the World War. This book should be read and prized by every Southern woman."

BEAUVOIR TO BE STATE MUSEUM.—At the next meeting of the Mississippi legislature, a plan for the conversion of Beauvoir into a State museum will be presented by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood, whose untiring efforts in past years resulted in the purchase of the old home of Jefferson Davis by the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the State, who later on tendered it to the State as a Home for needy Confederate veterans. When it shall be no longer needed for that purpose, it should be made into a memorial to the South's leader in the sixties, and the plan is to restore the residence and its furnishings to its state in the days of Mr. Davis's occupancy. It will be a shrine for the Southern people, and it will also be a place of interest to many outside of the South, for Jefferson Davis was a great man, and the service he rendered to his country before the War between the States helped to make it a great country.

FATHER RYAN'S MILITARY RECORD.—Some inquiries about Father Ryan's service to the Confederacy have recently come to the VETERAN, and while his loyalty to the South is well known, all that can be found as to his service is that he was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, serving to the end of the war; yet it is also stated by some that he was filling a pastorate in Nashville, Tenn., between September and December, 1862, and that he was placed under arrest in Nashville during that time for seditious utterances. It is hoped that some friends of Father Ryan may see this inquiry and be able to give full information as to his service. A special request comes from Mr. Ramon George Egan, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., for such information on the poet priest of the South, and the same will also be appreciated by the VETERAN.

DEATH OF COMMANDER ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Gen. Edgar D. Taylor, commanding Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., died at his home in Richmond, Va., on the afternoon of January 27.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

(Tribute by Mrs. Ida Earle Fowler, President Kentucky Division, U. D. C., at the luncheon given by the Lexington Chapter on January 19.)

On the 19th of January each year, when we are celebrating the birthday of Robert E. Lee, it is customary to add an appreciation of Stonewall Jackson, whose birthday follows on the 21st. Thus we link the name and fame of the Prince of Cavaliers with that of the outstanding Puritan of his time, bringing together the two extremes of English thought and life.

I wish that I might in some little way bring to you the thrill that came to me when in the museum of the Confederate Home at Richmond last year, I heard some of the older ones reminiscing of the past. We were standing before the figure of "Old Sorrel," the famous horse of Jackson, when one lady said: "I saw 'Old Sorrell' led behind the casket of Jackson as they bore him to his burial." A veteran, standing near, said: "I can beat you remembering. I have seen Stonewall many a time riding along the lines and lifting his old cap as the men cheered him." This was perhaps as near as I will ever come to the hero whose name we speak here with reverence to-day.

Great men are not all famous. Neither are famous men all great. But Thomas Jonathan Jackson was a great man, whether measured by the standards of the world at large or by the standards of true manhood; great in both the eyes of men and in the eyes of God.

Let us see, first, what were his qualities and claims to true inner greatness. They were an abiding faith in God, an absolutely upright life, an exquisite tenderness of heart, broad human sympathy, religious zeal, and constant and unflinching personal courage. He was a man of will power and decision, a man of desperate earnestness, of the highest sense of honor. In any sphere of life he would have been an unflinching patriot, an earnest Christian, and a brave and worthy citizen, even if his name had never been mentioned beyond the bounds of his own neighborhood. He was the grandest type of citizen and the noblest type of Christian.

It is as a soldier that the world has judged him, and the splendid qualities that made him a splendid man, standing head and shoulders above the average, made him a model soldier. It would take too long to give even a list of the military men who have praised his military genius. His plans of action were flawless, and they were always perfectly executed, while his attention to every detail, his discipline of his men, his strategy—which has been taught in the schools of Europe as a model—all give him standing as a soldier unsurpassed, though his career ended when its glory was just beginning. A high-school encyclopedia, prepared by Northern university professors, says that "he was without doubt the greatest lieutenant developed in either army," though never tried in command of large forces. Had he been spared, his fame would have been much greater.

It is some measure of a man's personality to know how he impresses the people with whom he comes in contact. Stonewall Jackson left the impress of his noble character on every life he touched. Those who mourned him and did him honor were from every walk of life, from the extremes of the humble scholars in his negro Sunday school to great military geniuses who trusted him and depended upon him. Those on the other side always respected his character and his skill as a soldier.

History records him among the few immortal great ones. But for the service in the War between the States, he would have been unknown, but he would nevertheless have been a great man, wherever his lot had been cast. As it is, his name

is known and honored wherever military genius, manly strength, and Christian character count in the measure of manhood.

How different would have been our nation's span of life
Without those years of bloody, internecine strife;
Not only ours, but theirs who led the splendid South
And valiant North; whose orders ope'd the cannon's mouth!

Grant might have lived and farmed and died obscure out
West,
A West Point graduate unfamed, and laid to rest
Beneath some humble, long-forgotten stone,
And not in that resplendent tomb by Hudson shown.

Lee might have lived to earn the chief and sole command
Of a united, happy, prosperous, peaceful land;
And as a theorist of war, a great tactician,
Have found what seemed to him life's full fruition.

Have lived his length of days not tired and worn and jaded
With sad defeat, and crowned with Southern cypress faded.

And O, how different would *his* quiet history read
Who served Virginia's Valley in her crucial need;
Who in his two years' interlude of stormy war,
Saw rise above the South's horizon his destined star.

How little dreamed he in his quiet teaching days
Of ardors and alarms and death and blame and praise
That were to harrow deep the Shenandoah's vales
And link his fame with all the old heroic tales.

And place his name on high beside the great of earth,
And gild anew the Old Dominion of his birth.

Came there to him in that calm, quiet lecture room
No vision shadowing Chancellorsville and doom?
Did Kernstown, Port Republic, Winchester, then seem
Only delightful towns by a delightful stream?

And in that barren room did there no shadow fall,
Nor glory shine upon the plain, unpainted wall?
No golden halo rest where he would later lie,
With mourning thousands passing sadly by?

Did he see Lee in sorrow bend where he would sleep,
And Davis turn beside his glorious bier and weep?

But for that brief two years we would not know
Aught of his genius save that service short in Mexico;
Time would have left him but a shadow ticketed,
And not one of the precious few Immortal Dead.

TEXAS CHAPTER NAMED FOR JOHN PELHAM.—The statement was made in the January number of the *VETERAN*, page 2, that the U. D. C. Chapter at Birmingham, Ala., was the only one bearing the name of the gallant John Pelham, and this statement is corrected by Mrs. J. Carter Bardin, Recording Secretary Texas Division, U. D. C., who writes that a Chapter at Orange, Tex., organized in July, 1900, bears the name of Maj. John Pelham, and that it "has been continuously active in a great and constructive service to the Confederacy," thus worthily bearing the name.

MONUMENT TO FAITHFUL SLAVES.

Standing in the yard of the Rockbridge County courthouse, at Lexington, Va., and just across from the old home of Stonewall Jackson, the home from which he went into the War between the States, is an interesting memorial, a tribute to the faithful slaves of that county and State who were loyal to their "white folks" to the end. It seems especially well placed in being so near to the home of one who showed his interest in their welfare by his desire to teach them the way of salvation.

This memorial is a granite block, rough hewn, standing about three and a half feet on its base, and carrying a bronze tablet on which is inscribed:

"A tribute by the white friends of Rockbridge County in grateful remembrance of the faithfulness and loyalty of the old servants of the past,"

"They loved their owners and were trusted and loved by them."

The idea for this memorial tribute was born in the desire of Miss M. E. White, of Lexington, an invalid, to see a public expression of appreciation for the old servants who had been held in fond memory throughout that section. She wrote many letters from her couch to aid in securing subscriptions, in which she was cordially supported by her brother, Mr. Robert White, and many friends, who cooperated in this work until the necessary sum was made up. This evidence of appreciation and affection are the finest tributes to the noble traditions and heroic memories of our fathers and mothers, as well as to the splendid spirit of these slaves who loved them—and were loyal to them.

The following incidents, recorded by Jackson's pastor, Rev. Dr. William S. White, are contributed by Rev. E. W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General, U. C. V.

After Jackson was elected a deacon in the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, he was appointed a collector for the Bible Society. At the end of the list of contributors which he turned in were a number of names written in pencil, and to each name a very small amount was credited. Recognizing very few of these names, the session made inquiry as to who they were, and Jackson's characteristic reply was: "They are the militia; as the Bible Society is not a Presbyterian but a Christian cause, I deemed it best to go beyond the limits of our own Church." They were the names chiefly of *free negroes*.

The Lexington Church had religious work for the slaves, but it did not prosper as the pastor had hoped, but the Sunday school, founded by General Jackson for their benefit, was a decided success. This distinguished man threw himself into the work with all of his characteristic energy and wisdom, and it prospered. He was always punctual to the moment at the opening of the school; he issued monthly reports to the owners of the slaves, delivering these reports in person at the homes of the owners, and conferring with them as to the welfare and conduct of his pupils. Under his management the school became one of the most interesting and useful institutions of the Church, and so deep was the interest felt by Jackson in this missionary work among the negroes that during the war, when at the front or in the midst of active campaigns, he would take time to make inquiry about it and otherwise showed how close it lay to his brave heart.

His sister-in-law, Margaret Junkin Preston, the poet, wrote: "And when the major had become a general, and was sweeping back and forth through his native Virginia at the head of his army, he rarely wrote a letter home without saying something about his well-beloved Sunday school. Success or defeat, anxiety or suffering, glory or grief, nothing made him forget it."

After Jackson's signal victory at Manassas, many were gathered at the post office in Lexington waiting with anxious hearts for news of the great battle. A letter was handed to Dr. White, who said, as he recognized the handwriting: "Now we will hear something of the battle." But when he opened it he found only a contribution from the great soldier for his little negro Sunday school. That was all.

AN INTERESTING ORDER, C. S. N.

CONTRIBUTED BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The following order of the Confederate Secretary of the Navy will explain why so many valuable ships were run ashore rather than surrendered into the hands of the Federals. This order was to Commander Maffitt, C. S. Navy, repeating telegram of instructions regarding the command of the blockade runner Owl:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
NAVY DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, September 19, 1864.

"Sir: The following telegram was this day sent to you:

"It is of the first importance that our steamers should not fall into the enemy's hands. Apart from the specific loss sustained by the country in the capture of blockade runners, these vessels, lightly armed, now constitute the fleetest and most efficient part of his blockading force off Wilmington.

"As commanding officer of the Owl, you will please devise and adopt thorough and efficient means for saving all hands and destroying the vessel and cargo whenever these measures may become necessary to prevent capture. Upon our firmness and ability the Department relies for the execution this important trust. In view of this order, no passenger will, as a general rule, be carried. Such exceptions to this rule as the public interests may render necessary, embracing those who may be sent by the government, will receive special permits from this Department."

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. R. MALLORY, *Secretary of the Navy.*"

"Commander John N. Maffitt, C. S. Navy."

THE NEW YEAR PRAYER.

Bless thou this year, O Lord!
Make rich its days
With health, and work, and prayer, and praise,
And helpful ministry.
To needy folk
Speak thy soft word
In cloudy days;
Nor let us think ourselves forgot
When common lot
Of sorrow hems us round.
Let generous impulse shame the niggard dole
That dwarfs the soul.
May no one fail his share of work
Through selfish thought;
Each day fulfill thy holy will
In yielded lives
And still the tumult of desires
Debased.
May faith, and hope, and love
Increase!
Bless thou this year, O Lord!

—Exchange.

HONORARY PRESIDENT, U. D. C.

In the exercises commemorating the anniversary of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee, the Philadelphia Chapter also paid special tribute to a beloved member whose recent passing into that brighter land has left them in sorrow and grief. Mrs. William Douglas Mason had long been identified with



MRS. WILLIAM DOUGLAS MASON.

the Philadelphia Chapter, had served as its President, and the general organization, U. D. C., had honored itself in honoring her as one of its Honorary Presidents

The following comes from Mrs. H. B. Hickman, President of the Chapter:

"The Philadelphia Chapter is meeting to-day in unison with a great majority of the hundred thousand women who compose the United Daughters of the Confederacy to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee. We rejoice that we may claim allegiance through our ancestors to the leadership of this true and knightly gentleman.

"As the heart of every Southern man and woman lifts in thankfulness at the name of Lee, so we of the Philadelphia Chapter also give thanks and praise for our loyal member, the noble-hearted, lovely woman, our friend, Louise Clark Mason, whom we have 'loved long since and lost awhile,' and in these resolutions express that deep sense of loss which is now with us:

"The tides of life and time are ever flowing on, and just when the old year was ebbing away, the soul of our beloved and loyal member, Louise Clarke Mason, was borne upward to the great beyond.

"Possessing the greatest attributes of character, a loving, tender heart, good judgment, a fine mind, strong personality, and beauty of face and form, hers was a life so well rounded out that all who came in contact with her loved and honored her. 'Her children will rise up and call her blessed.'

"Whereas, the Philadelphia Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy feel that they have met with an irreparable loss in the death of their beloved member and former President, Louise Clarke Mason, who was a charter

member and an officer in the original Chapter in Philadelphia, and has been an influential and untiring worker in the present one; and whereas her memory will always be treasured in our Chapter at large and by our members individually; therefore be it:

"Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions expressing our deep sympathy to the bereaved family, also that we place a copy in the minutes of our society."

ALEXANDER STEPHENS IN STATUARY HALL AT WASHINGTON.

"Erected by the people of Georgia as a tribute of enduring gratitude to a beloved son of the State" stands the statue of Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, in Statuary Hall of the Capitol Building at Washington, D. C. Before a throng of some two thousand people, largely composed of Georgians, interesting exercises were carried out in presenting the statue to the government of the United States. The Georgia delegation included Governor L. G. Hardman and staff, members of the "Old Guard" of Atlanta, cadets from the Georgia Military Academy, Confederate veterans of the State, members of the Georgia Society in Washington, and many other citizens of the State. The memorial was unveiled by little Ida Stephens, a great-grandniece of Mr. Stephens, and Sam Venable Mason, young son of Mr. Frank Mason, of Atlanta, and following the unveiling Garnett W. Quilan, of Atlanta, paid tribute to Alexander Hamilton Stephens in presenting the statue to the State of Georgia on behalf of the donors. Following this, Governor Hardman presented the statue to the government, for which it was accepted by Vice President Dawes, who said, in part:

"Possessed of commanding intellect, and born with instinctive sympathy for the poor, the weak, and the suffering, his recognition of the relation of a constitutional bill of rights to their welfare made him its champion at all times and under all circumstances, notwithstanding that in war self-preservation is the first right of nature and its expedients must then often take the place of constitutions.

"Thus, in the awful stress of civil conflict, when the Constitution itself was involved, his position was often misunderstood, both in the North and in the South. Yet, he always trod the painful path to which his sense of duty pointed the way. The war ended and there gradually came that ultimate calm judgment of the people which is only asserted when time, dulling passion and prejudice, clears the way for reason. Then the voice from the heart and conscience of a people became finally articulate and hailed him as a great leader and friend."

Response was given by Senator George, of Georgia, and the ceremonies concluded with a benediction.

A unique feature of the scene was the background of flags carried by women from patriotic societies—in which were seen the United States and Georgia flags, flags of the Confederacy, and the banners of the different societies, the D. A. R., American Red Cross, Daughters of 1812, and many others.

The statue is the work of Gutzon Borglum, and shows the Southern statesman in a sitting position. It was in this same hall, then the House of Representatives, that the voice of Stephens was often heard during his service of more than a score of years as representative from Georgia.

Preceding the ceremonies at the Capitol, those attending paraded from the White House, where the thousand or more Georgians had been received by the President.

LEE TO THE REAR.

(An incident in the battle of the Wilderness.)

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
While, perched in the tallest tree tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note;
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the east—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel.

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a cove of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
On the bold rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bulldog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track:
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—!"
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabers are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-headed man in the black slouched hat.

—John R. Thompson.

NORTHERN MEN IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

There appeared in the New York *Times* some weeks ago an interesting article with this caption, "Southern Men in the Northern Army." A number of names were given, and the comment was made that some men went from the North to fight for the Southern Confederacy, notably, Gen. Samuel Cooper, Adjutant General of the United States Army, from Hackensack, N. J., and Gen. John C. Pemberton, a lieutenant general, from Philadelphia, Pa. These two notable contributions were but two of that large number of men who, from conviction, though natives of the North, resigned their commissions in the United States Army and fought for what was so aptly termed by James Henly Thornwell, of South Carolina, "the Constitution of the United States outside of the Union," at the same time nobly stating that on the other side men fought for the Union outside of the Constitution.

The morale and personnel of the Southern army is a study in itself and will yield a rich reward for future writers, for this vast field has yet been almost untouched. It was Gen. Joe Hooker, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, who stated (speaking of the Army of Northern Virginia): "That army had by discipline alone acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it." President Roosevelt says, in his "Life of Thomas H. Benton": "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest

of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth—and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to state as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington." "The world never saw an army composed of more superb material—intellectually, physically, and morally—in all that constitutes what we call morale in an army, than that of the armies of the Confederate States of America," says Dr. William Jones.

The idea prevailed in some sections that the War of Secession was opposed by the mass of the people, and that a few hot-headed leaders had succeeded in provoking the conflict and, after writing it into popular favor, forced the Conscription Act and thus unwillingly led men who were ignorant of the issues and unwilling for the war. This, of course, was not true. The raising of the Confederate armies was the most spontaneous outpouring of a patriotic people that the world has ever witnessed, and the proof of that is that the magnificent contributions were made not only by the ruling classes of the South, but from all classes and from every part of the country—North, East, South, and West—and even from across the waters. The heritage of valor on both sides of the conflict is now a national inheritance, and broad-minded Americanism glories in the stamina and stubbornness that fought to a standstill a looseness of construction in constitutional powers that has been settled forever by an appeal to arms.

The greatest democracy possible appeared in the makeup of the Confederate armies, as the following facts will show: The Rockbridge Artillery, in 1861, had as private soldiers seven Master of Arts of the University of Virginia, twenty-eight college graduates, twenty-five theological students, and many others of the most choice young men of the South, including Robert E. Lee, Jr., in the ranks. Arthur Robinson, grandson of William Wert, was killed as a private at the battle of Fredericksburg; Gov. George W. Johnson, provisional governor of Kentucky, was killed while serving as a private in Company E, 1st Kentucky Infantry, at the battle of Shiloh; Maj. Gen. Matthew C. Butler, of South Carolina, was a nephew of Commodore Oliver H. Perry; Col. John Augustine Washington, a great nephew of George Washington and the last of the direct line, I believe, was killed while serving on General Lee's staff in West Virginia; ex-President John Tyler was a member of the Confederate Congress; Gen. Richard Taylor, lieutenant general in the Confederacy, was the only son of President Zachary Taylor; Gen. George Wythe Randolph, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, served both as brigadier general and Secretary of War, C. S. A.; Gen. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, lieutenant general of the Confederate army, had been Vice President of the United States; Gen. Samuel Garland, Confederate general, killed at Sharpsburg, was a nephew of President James Madison; Gen. John B. Floyd had been Secretary of War of the United States; Brig. Gen. Hugh W. Mercer was grandson of Gen. Hugh Mercer, of Revolutionary fame.

It is worthy of note that among the enlisted men who afterwards became notable in the national life of a reunited country was Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland, former private in the 4th Alabama Infantry; William L. Wilson, Postmaster General, a former private in the 7th Virginia Cavalry; Charles L. Crisp, Speaker of the House, former private in the 10th Virginia Infantry. When Dr. Elliott, of Harvard, was asked why he had put a rebel soldier in as a professor at that institution, he replied: "We did not select him because he was a rebel soldier, but because Crawford H. Toy is unquestionably the first soldier on the continent in that department." Other private soldiers who

afterwards became notable were: John L. Wyeth, of Alabama, head of the Poly-Clinic Hospital in New York City, and Basil Gildersleeve, of Virginia, perhaps the greatest Greek scholar of all time, at Johns Hopkins University.

But as for the caption, there were a number of men like Gen. E. Kirby Smith, son of a Connecticut family, but born in the South; Gen. James Deshler, of Tusculum, Ala., son of an experienced civil engineer from Pennsylvania, who moved to Alabama; and others like Maj. Gen. S. L. Ross, who, though born in Iowa, came South as a boy and espoused the Southern cause. But the list to which this article refers, primarily, is to that group of men who resigned their commissions, or who, though reared to manhood in other sections, gave their all to what they believed was a fight for constitutional liberty. To that heroic galaxy belongs the name of Maj. Gen. Martin L. Smith, New York City; Brig. Gen. Albert L. Blanchard, Charleston, Mass.; Brig. Gen. Johnson Kelly Duncan, York, Pa.; Maj. Gen. Franklin Gardner, New York (appointed to West Point from Iowa); Maj. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, from Ohio; Brig. Gen. Otto French Strahl, Ohio (killed at Franklin); Maj. Gen. Josiah Gorgas, Dauphin County, Pa., who became Chief of Ordnance, C. S. A.; Maj. Gen. Lunsford L. Lomax, Newport, R. I. (with Southern blood, however); Brig. Gen. Clement Hoffman Stevens, Norwich, Conn.; Brig. Gen. Albert Pike, Boston, Mass. (Harvard); Brig. Gen. Daniel H. Reynolds, Knox County, Ohio; Brig. Gen. Daniel M. Frost, New York; Maj. Gen. Mansfield Lovell, Deputy Street Commissioner, New York City, 1858-1861 (born in Washington, D. C.); Brig. Gen. Archibald Gracie, born in New York, appointed to West Point from New Jersey, killed at Petersburg, buried in the family vault in New York City; Brig. Gen. James Hagen, born in Ireland, grew up in Pennsylvania; Brig. Gen. Daniel Ledbetter, Maine; Brig. Gen. James L. Alcorn, Illinois; Maj. Gen. Samuel G. French, New York; Brig. Gen. Walter H. Stevens, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Brig. Gen. Julius Adolphus De Laguel, New Jersey; Brig. Gen. Edward A. Wylesworth Perry, Richmond, Berkshire County, Mass. (Yale); Brig. Gen. Francis A. Shoup, Laurel, Franklin County, Ind.; Steven Russel Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate Navy, born in Trinidad, West Indies, son of a Connecticut family; Brig. Gen. Daniel Ruggles, Massachusetts.

To these sons of the North may be added those who came across the waters—namely, Maj. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, of Ireland, served in the British army, killed at Franklin, Tenn., where fifty-five officers above the rank of major, including six generals, were killed; Brig. Gen. William N. Brown, England, editing a paper at Washington at the time of the outbreak of the war; Brig. Gen. Peter McGlashan, Edinburgh, Scotland; Brig. Gen. Collet Leventhorpe, Devonshire, England, who had served in the British army; Maj. Gen. Camille Armand Jules Marie Paligaud (Court De Paligaud), of France.

The list might be prolonged indefinitely if we dropped below the rank of general. There were thousands of men in the ranks and grades upward, like Col. R. C. Barteau, of Cuyahoga County, near Cleveland, Ohio, who became colonel of the 2d Tennessee Regiment in Forrest's Cavalry Division; Maj. J. J. Scanlan, from the North, a Yale graduate, was a member of my father's staff (W. A. Johnson).

There is a tragic side to instances like the MacIntosh brothers, of Arkansas, and Crittenden brothers, of Kentucky, where each family furnished two who were generals, one espousing the cause of the South and the other the side of the North.

COMING HOME AGAIN.

Some interesting occasions have been recorded during the past several months when Confederate flags captured during the War between the States were returned by their captors after being held for over sixty years. Notable among these occasions was that ceremony in Washington D. C., when seven flags captured by a Maine regiment were returned to the States from whose troops they were taken. These flags had been stored in the State House at Augusta, Me., and by special resolution of the late encampment of the G. A. R., the governor of that State was directed to return them. The ceremonies were carried out on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. Governor Brewster, of Maine, with his staff, Commander Pillsbury, of the Maine G. A. R., and his staff, made up a fine looking body of men, bringing the old flags of Virginia, North Carolina, and Texas as representatives of the universal sentiment of the people of the Pine Tree State toward the States of the South, whose representatives were there in the same feeling of amity and good will. The flags of the Virginia troops were received by Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Richmond, former Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who made appreciative response in the following:

"With emotions it would be futile for me to attempt to put into words, I receive gratefully on behalf of the governor and the commonwealth of Virginia these treasured banners of our nation's ancient strife. They will be placed in the capitol of Virginia, the heart of the old Southern Confederacy, and there they will be guarded and cherished both as memorial of the valor of the sons of the Old Dominion and as proof of the nobly fraternal spirit of the great commonwealth of Maine.

"Sir, the spirit in which you have returned these flags complements with the spirit displayed by Maine soldiers during the War between the States.

"Those of us here to-day in Southern gray can attest the bravery and the chivalry of the Maine troops in the great army of the Potomac. One Maine regiment stands next to the head of those that sustained the heaviest losses in action. Two Maine regiments are among the first twenty-two that paid the heaviest toll in blood. I faced the men of the old Pine Tree State in the siege of Petersburg, and I know they were worthy foemen who balked not at any sacrifice for their ideals.

"They were as magnanimous as they were gallant. Never shall I forget that black day when we, the shattered, starving survivors of the Army of the Northern Virginia, marched out on a sodden field near Appomattox Courthouse to lay down the arms we had borne for four years in defense of State Rights. The hopes of our youthful hearts were with the torn flags we carried before us that April day. The surrender of our great chieftain seemed to us the end of days.

"Very silently, as men at the funeral of all they love, we reached into the hollow square drawn up before us. Not a drum beat was there. The last words of command froze on trembling lips. Then, suddenly—I hear it yet—a voice rang out through the silence with a sharp order to the Union troops that stood in stalwart ranks around us. Down the lines the order went and, on the instant, that magnificent Federal command presented arms—presented arms to us, to us who had come to lay down our weapons and to end the strife that had riven America.

"We were not expecting it, for we were prisoners of war, and of all the acts of magnanimity, that stirred us most. Reunion began with that order to present arms—and that order was given by a Maine commander, the courtly Chamberlaine, to a Maine brigade.

"Maine troops magnanimously received flags of the Army of Northern Virginia. Their sons and grandsons, men of the same high traditions and the same noble blood, magnanimously return them.

"These flags are going home to-day, back to the State where they were placed sixty-five years ago in the hands of ardent youth. They are worn flags, some of them, and their colors have faded, but here is the red of our hearts' devotion and here is the blue of our faith, and here is the white of our youthful ideals; and all these colors shine brightly to-day in the flag of a people forever united in stately brotherhood."

Following the brief ceremonies, which were witnessed by several cabinet officers, special representatives of the different States connected with the occasion, prominent members of the G. A. R. and U. C. V. in uniform, the Confederate veterans called upon President Coolidge with their regained silken trophies, and were photographed with the President as the central figure.

* * *

One of the three captured Virginia battle flags is the standard of one of the most famous regiments of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is the banner of the 33rd Virginia Infantry, which belonged to the Stonewall Brigade, the old command of "Stonewall" Jackson, and backbone of the division subsequently given him. This division, in turn, was one of the most valuable units in Jackson's Second Corps, which he commanded from the fall of 1862 until his death from wounds received at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863.

The flag of the 33rd infantry was evidently captured at the Bloody Angle, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, when Edward Johnson's Division was cut off in a salient in the line on May 12, 1864.

This was one of the two occasions in the War between the States when Gen. Robert E. Lee felt it necessary personally to direct the counter-charge, and it was then that Gordon's troops cried, "Lee to the rear!" and prevailed upon him to retire. The 33rd Virginia was in the angle at the time, and was captured before it could organize for defense.

The flag was taken by a Maine officer and carried back to that State. It is in fair condition now, though slightly torn. On it are still plainly visible the names of the engagements in which the regiment had fought, from First Manassas to Gettysburg, and including those of Jackson's famous battles in the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1862.

Of the two other flags returned to Virginia, one is a cavalry flag taken at Aldie not long before the Gettysburg campaign. The other is an infantry flag taken by Maine troops in the Wilderness on June 10, 1864. Of these flags the *National Tribune* says:

"One of the Virginia flags was taken by the Maine cavalry at Aldie, Va., from the 4th Virginia Cavalry, while the other was taken by the 19th Maine Cavalry at Spotsylvania, Va., from the 33rd Virginia Infantry. One Texas flag returned was taken by the 15th Maine Regiment at Fort Semmes, Tex., from Texas Rangers. This was a garrison flag of orange and white, with stars of these colors set in it. The other flag was taken by Captain Paradry, of the 5th Maine Infantry, in May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness. One flag from North Carolina was taken from the 54th North Carolina Regiment, at Rappahannock Station, Va., in November, 1863, by the 5th Maine Infantry."

FLORIDA FLAG RETURNED.

Interesting exercises connected with the return of a Florida flag captured at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., concluded the annual reunion of the Florida Division, U. C. V., on the night

of September 28, 1927. Federal veterans from Ohio—Colonel Alcorn, of Toledo, with two comrades, Eli Burdo and Judge E. D. Potter—are three of the six survivors of the 14th Ohio Infantry which fought at Franklin, and they journeyed to Marianna, Fla., to again place this flag in the hands which had "so fondly grasped it" in the days of war. Torn by shot and shell and stained by the blood of soldiers from both sides, it is still a banner of glory. In presenting it, Colonel Alcorn said:

"Florida need feel no shame in the loss of this battle banner at Franklin. It was taken behind our own entrenchments, and it took a courageous group of fighting men to ever get there.

"You had us licked at Franklin, but, fortunately for us, your command apparently failed to realize at the crucial moment just how completely you had us encompassed."

Turning to the torn flag, the aged veteran reverently said:

"The flag itself has been bathed in the blood of both the North and the South. Because it was taken within our lines, behind our own breastworks, we have prized its possession highly. To-night, however, our pleasure in returning it to the men whose courage we had cause to admire, and incidentally, were forced to respect, is greater than our pride in its possession."

GENERAL LEE IN TEXAS.

BY J. H. FAUBION, COMMANDER CAMP BEDFORD FORREST,
U. C. V., LEANDER, TEX.

In reading the article in the January *VETERAN*, by William M. Brown, of Washington and Lee University, on the Lee Museum, I am reminded of the services of General Lee in Texas, previous to the War between the States. While he was in the United States army, he was stationed for a considerable period at Fort Mason (known now as Mason, county site of Mason County, Tex.). At Fort Mason were, beside General Lee, Gens. Albert Sidney Johnston, John B. Hood, Earl Van Dorn, and others who became distinguished Confederate officers, and Generals Thomas, Sherman, and others of the Federal army.

While stationed at Fort Mason, General Lee often visited a little German village a few miles south of Fort Mason, and in going to San Antonio and other points in the southwestern part of Texas, and frequently spent the night at the little hotel in Fredericksburg, kept by a German named Nimitz, who was one of a German colony which had settled at Fredericksburg, now the county site of Gillespie County. Mr. Nimitz was of an educated and refined German family, and took a great liking to General Lee, and he always assigned General Lee to a certain room in his hotel, which, as long as Mr. Nimitz lived, was known as General Lee's room, and it is yet exhibited to visitors, with great pride, as a sacred memorial to his friend, General Lee.

This hotel is still in existence, kept by the same family, and it is still a popular hostelry, and General Lee's room and the bed in which he slept have never been changed or used by others.

Many reminiscences of General Lee's services in Texas could be gathered yet, among the elderly people in Texas, and perhaps some books, papers, articles, connected with General Lee's stay in Texas at Mason, San Antonio and other places.

STATE MEMORIAL TO SAM DAVIS.

The old home of Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, near Smyrna, Tenn., has been purchased by the State and will be restored as a memorial to the brave Confederate soldier who put his honor above life, while the grounds about the home will be made into a memorial park. This is not the birthplace of Sam Davis, but it is the home from which he went into the Confederate service and to which his body was returned as that of an immortal hero of the Confederacy, and in the garden adjoining the home he rests under the monument placed to his memory by his father and mother, who lie there with him. The purchase of the place by the State as a memorial to the heroic young soldier is the culmination of work begun in September, 1925, when memorial exercises were held at the home and a movement started to secure it as a memorial. Dr. J. S. Lowry, of Smyrna, was an active spirit in this work, and to him is largely due credit for securing the appropriation by the State legislature of \$25,000 for the purchase of the place and its restoration. The property includes the home and some 150 acres of land, laying within two and a half miles of the Dixie Highway, from which a State road leads to the village of Smyrna and to the Davis home. The purchase price of the property was \$15,000, and the balance of the fund will be used for its restoration.

The commission for the State is composed of the governor, the state treasurer, and Commissioner of Agriculture, with the following citizens of Smyrna: Dr. J. S. Lowry, W. H. King, John B. Hager.

THE SAM DAVIS HOME CHAPTER, U. D. C.

During the Middle Tennessee District Conference, U. D. C., entertained by the Murfreesboro Chapter, twenty women of Smyrna formed the Sam Davis Home Chapter, and this Chapter will cooperate in the work of establishing the Sam Davis memorial, which is planned to be similar to that of the Hermitage near Nashville. At the same time was organized the Stone River Chapter as an auxiliary to the Murfreesboro Chapter, and a great niece of Sam Davis, little Mary Catherine Bell, was chosen as its mascot.

The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., under the leadership of Mrs. Lowndes Turney, President, will cooperate generally in the work connected with this memorial.

One brother of Sam Davis, C. L. Davis, of Smyrna, and a sister, Mrs. Media Matthews, of Houston, Tex., are still living.

A FINE WAY TO CELEBRATE.—Capt. John L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss., writes that he celebrated his *eighty-ninth* birthday by sending a list of new subscribers to the *VETERAN*—accompanied by a good-sized check. Though his eyesight is gone, Captain Collins enjoys having the *VETERAN* read to him, and his good wife does the reading. He does not think of doing without it, and he wants everybody else he can reach to have it too, and though he can't see to read it, he can talk it up just as well as ever, and the success of his talk is shown by the good number of subscriptions he reports. He writes that he hopes the "Daughters may be able to give to the world in a historical way the valorous deeds of the Confederate soldier during those four long years of war" and prays "that the *VETERAN* may be sustained in its noble work of vindication."

Mrs. O. Z. Bond, Minerva, La., asks for information on Lieut. Col. Calvin J. Clack, 3rd Tennessee Regiment, John C. Brower's Brigade, as to his family, descendants, place of residence, etc.; thinks he was from Giles County, Tenn.

A POET OF THE SHENANDOAH.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

To those who knew him, the life of Daniel Bedinger Lucas was one continual adventure, an obstacle race, wherein he came off conqueror, or conquered, as you look at it. At least, he would never have admitted, never did admit, defeat.

Born in Jefferson, the most beautiful and perhaps the most historic county of Virginia, it was his fortune to see the land of his love overrun by alien soldiery, devastation converting his home, farms, and the rolling hills and sweet valleys of the Shenandoah into that desert "over which a crow must carry his own rations."

The date of his birth, March 16, 1836, was rather an uneventful time in our history. But it was about that time that the Hon. William Lucas, lawyer, planter, statesman, was building, rebuilding, we should perhaps say, Rion Hall. And Rion Hall is an event in itself.

Rion Hall is a house set on a hill, and then hid under a bushel. That is, you can't see the woods at Rion Hall for the trees. The old estate was derived from lands of William Burnett, William Hall, and John Rion, the latter, of French extraction, a Revolutionary soldier, whose title dates back to 1784. William Burnett is the only one of the proprietors who honored the place with his bones. He is buried in the graveyard behind the house, and the date of his death is 1815. His wife was Polly Douglas, and the splendid freestone spring was possibly called Douglas's Spring. Of that one can't be sure. William Hall, Jr., married Elizabeth Lucas, lived at and gave Halktown its name; and his descendants moved "out West." He must be distinguished from the John Hall, of Hall's Rifle Factory at the Ferry, a Connecticut genius, who shares with John Brown the fame of the Harper's Ferry armory. But this is a digression.

All these owners either sold or bequeathed their holdings to one Robert Lucas, who, besides the land he got with his wife, Sarah Rion, found himself also buying up adjacent territory with what has been a family trait, I may say weakness, for generations. The name Lucas goes with love of land. The old Lucases were yeomen, or land-owning gentry, fox-hunting squires, some say; and a more persistent tradition allies them to the Lucases of Colchester, of whom it is recorded in Westminster that "all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous." Robert Lucas, the emigrant, was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1683 and 1685. His grandson, Edward Lucas, supervisor of Fall's Township, moved down to the Valley, took up land, and inscribed his initials in 1732 on a boundary stone, still in evidence. He died in 1764, and of his eighteen children, only two left inheritors of the name. Six sons were either killed or wounded by the Indians in wars on the Western borderland. William was captain of Virginia militia in 1777, and the same year entered as a private, under Nathanael Willis, in the Virginia Line. In 1781, he was captain of the Border Brigade; removing to Chillicothe his son Robert became governor of Ohio, later of Iowa, and has numerous towns, counties, etc., named in his honor. The other Revolutionary officer, Capt. Edward Lucas, was wounded at Laurel Hill; he married Elizabeth Edwards, and his son was the Robert mentioned above. His grandsons, Robert and Edward, served in the War of 1812, and William, the youngest, born in 1800, was he who founded Rion Hall.

Moments there are in life, says a modern novel, which, although with seemingly no reason, "stand fixed in the eternities of memory." So with my early pictures of my grandfather. The old, broad-brimmed panama, or such a thing, is rememberable; the stentorian voice, a thunderous roar, not alarming, nor even funny, but surely masterful. The "my"

called "me"—"Me dogs, me cats, me trees," short voweled. He was not pretentious, was visited by many an old crony not quite so prominent nor half so scholarly. The slaves, even when they had become "free niggers" (I quote from their own vernacular), were faithfully devoted. And a small plantation where live their descendants might well be called after old Mr. William Lucas—"Billy," as the neighbors used to say.

I remember the roses, seeming to shut in the doors, so close they clambered over the house. The wagonloads of fruit, carried off "free gratis," rare, far-brought plums, pears, apricots, the most wonderful apples and peaches, which for flavor and size cast in the shade all our modern, mercantile effects.

The sunsets were a great occasion in my childhood. My mother and I used to walk out to the turnpike, "Beck's Gate," to meet my father, and I would ride home on his horse, sitting in front. One evening I remember in particular. My father's most intimate friend (brother-in-law), Judge J. F. McLaughlin, of Maryland, afterwards New York City, was visiting us at the time. He summoned us, and the whole family walked up the road to see the most splendid appearance of living flame from horizon to zenith that I seem ever to have seen. I say "seem," for there is an unreality about all these thoughts. They are as nebulous as the river ride on my father's arm, my mother riding beside. Both were adepts with horses. My grandfather's stables, while depleted by the war, still possessed some fine specimens. Peacock, the spirited roan; Canada and Cognac, my father's pair; and Charley, who ran away with us and had to be sold; and Nina, my mother's saddle mare, whom the darkies always called "Lina," as a compliment to the mistress. My favorite Cognac, a chestnut bay pony, was a fiery-hearted little beast, whom it pleased me unspeakably to tease; who would bite at me when I made a "moue," and would race me from the near gate to the far gate while I was out to open them for the grandees, the grown-ups, who sat in splendor inside the jagger, basket phaeton, or buggy, whatever it chanced to be—perhaps the spring wagon, which was our first remembered equipage. These were war times, as it were, and no one had a cent. Despoiled as to goods, rifled as to stock, battered and beaten as to fences, woods, barns, all these so necessary adjuncts, but quite unconquered as to heart. Ready to "turn in and lick 'em again," as the veterans used to say. The Yankees, radicals, black republicans, who had it all their own way—and still do. Perhaps you repent, Lincoln, on your pedestal, midway between your Pennsylvania and old Virginia kin? The Lincolns of Reading are the best of Democrats, and have been for generations.



RION HALL IN 1836.



DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS.

Well, to return. My grandfather's thick and shaggy hair, his straight overhanging brows, eyes almost slits, mouth thin-lipped, wide, wrinkles most numerous. But—his trees! How I loved them in my infancy—and now. I cannot write of that hard, bitter old lawyer and political warrior without mention of his trees. I find him showing a pathetic solicitude about the opinion of his constituents, whom I know he never feared. But they turned him down after his second term in Congress (1843) for his law partner, brother-in-law, and friend, not so good a Democrat either, I am sure. Then my grandfather retired to the farm, the beautiful house on the hill, with rolling meadows around it. An old graveyard, a fine grove of cedars, one very ancient oak, an elm, walnut, and a few other reminders of the forest primeval—these to be surrounded by an exotic and stately arboretum which, as it grew, consumed my grandsire's life, his very heart.

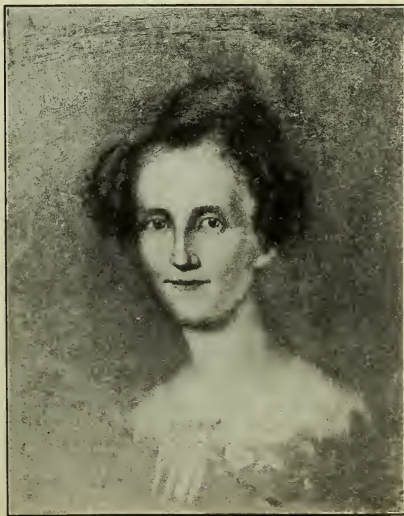
The noteworthy incidents in the life of William Lucas were his education in the law, at the feet of Judge H. St. George Tucker, of Winchester; his two terms in the United States Congress (twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh), membership in the Virginia General Assembly of 1838; Constitutional Convention of 1850; and his defeat for the convention of 1860, when he would surely have voted for secession, for he was an ardent advocate of State Rights. Over sixty, he was beyond military age when the war broke out. At that time he had become a great recluse, devoting himself wholly to the pleasures of horticulture and farming. He was to see his whole fortune, built up with strenuous toil, destroyed with the destruction of his country. A safeguard, however, from a former political ally, saved Rion Hall, in its twelve-acre inclosure, with its wealth of magnolias, flowering trees, shrubs, and roses, from demolition by the passing armies. The house was used as headquarters by Sheridan. An old neighbor, a Mrs. Beck (Union and German people, but warm friends and tenants), carried under her hoop skirt the family portraits to her house at the gate, and slept all through the war with them under her feather bed. She described the smashing

of mirrors, and invasion of sick rooms, searching of wardrobes and bureaus (for concealed *soldiers*); stealing of watches, alas! and stepping on the baby's finger, in a very realistic way. The baby was a grandchild, wee daughter of Sally Eleanor Lucas, wife of the Rev. Everett W. Bedinger, who, with her husband and seven children, came in 1864 to Rion Hall and was ill there. A few years later she died of consumption that malady so fatal in those days. In our parlor, the saber cuts on door and mantel still show Sheridan's consulting room. Desecration of the graveyard was prevented by my grandfather's going out and asking if a Colonel Burnett was not one of their officers? "Well," he said, when they replied in the affirmative, "you're violating the graves, then, of your ancestors, for these Burnetts are the ancestors of the Burnetts of Ohio, whence you have come." They desisted. Of course it was hidden treasure for which they were searching, and, alas, there was none.

My grandfather had among his riding and driving horses a very fine pair of snow-white geldings. One of these was the white horse ridden throughout his campaigns by Ashby. The other was commandeered by the Yankees, and so the brothers doubtless met on the battle field in opposing ranks.

Several times I have come across folks who were quartered at Rion Hall, and they seem to have considered it a paradise on earth. One man, now in Chicago, told a friend that he had been commissioned to see that "old man Lucas did not give aid to the Rebels." That he did, when time and opportunity offered.

My father's mother was Virginia, daughter of Daniel Bedinger, of Shepherdstown, a soldier of the Revolution and, later, paymaster at the Gosport Navy Yard. Virginia was considered very beautiful, if friends and family may be believed. Her portrait is not flattered, but it is not unattractive, though the hair piled high was trying for so broad a forehead, and the artist makes her brunette in lieu of the gold-



VIRGINIA BEDINGER LUCAS

Who wrote under the nom de plume of "Eglantine."

en hair and blue eyes of her race. She was romantic and gifted, wildly in love with her somewhat austere husband. She died in 1839, at the birth of a fifth child, a daughter, who was buried, "the child in the grave with the mother." Her other children were William, a pleasant and talented young man, who died of consumption, in 1863, in Florida, at the home of his kinsman, Governor Douglas. Next came Sally, of whom we have spoken; then Daniel Bedinger, who (if I do say it) was the flower of the entire family. Brilliant, gentle, witty, shy as a girl and as pure, he grew up a strange combination of the backwoods country youth, poetic and intellectual, and the citizen of the world that all great men seem to be from birth. Lawrence Marye, an old friend and college mate, wrote of him at the time of his death:

"Mr. Lucas was for four years a student of the university, and his fellow students there who still linger remember well the charm of his companionship, his genial disposition, his brilliant mind, and the vivacity of his conversation." And again: "Many gifted sons of the South have, in the past few years, obeyed the inevitable summons, but among them all, no brighter spirit, no nobler soul has paid the last debt of nature than Daniel Bedinger Lucas." Colonel Marye's voice has a ring of truth that makes me feel his tribute more than other and more eloquent ones from elsewhere.

In the "Obstacle Race" where my father so gallantly won out, the first feature was that he had a fall in infancy, from the porch at Bedford (his grandmother's), in Shepherdstown. From this arose the spinal trouble which overshadowed his life and caused untold suffering until, at last, nearing middle age, his health became established on a secure basis. He attributed to out-door life the strength finally acquired, for when he left college, old Dr. Hugh McGuire gave him just four years to live. At three years of age, he lost the mother whom he would have adored. The children were sent by the desolated father to near-by cousins to be reared, three at Cold Spring, the home of Col. Robert Lucas, "Uncle Robert." The fourth, Virginia, "our little sister," as they called her, to Mrs. Davis (*née* Ranson), who was thrice married, becoming Mrs. Bedinger, of Kentucky, and, finally, marrying a Clay. Hence, Virginia spent much of her youth in Kentucky. She was, however, sent to Staunton to the Episcopal Institute, where for intimate friends she had, among others, Gussie and Mary Stuart. The latter, Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, still preserves an affectionate and admiring memory of this frail but gifted being, who was, after so brief a life, to die in the sixties of consumption, her end probably hastened by the hardships of the war.

While living at Cold Spring, my father went to the old field school at Uvilla. He had two very devoted young cousins, George (Cedar Lawn) Washington and "Ned Lee," later the distinguished Gen. Edwin Grey Lee, of the Confederacy. These boys used to carry on their shoulders "Danny," or "Bedinger," as he was sometimes called, when they went hunting or on longer jaunts than his delicate strength could endure. A beautiful chivalry and devotion he seemed always to call forth from cousins, sisters, and friends. And the beauty of countenance and loftiness of expression warranted the love which he inspired. I never knew anyone who could resist my father's personality, so full of gayety and charm.

Sent next to be taught by a Mr. Cameron at Col. Braxton Davenport's, I can recall many anecdotes which he used to tell of his life there: how Mrs. Davenport used to stand the little darkies in a row to say their catechism, giving a flip on the head with her thumb to those who never knew which one

God had made. And the boys would offer a penny to the small pickaninny who could hold his heel longest on the stove.

At the end of those happy days with his friends, Jack Straith, Sam Wright, and Ned Lee, young Lucas went in the lumbering old stagecoach down the other side of the Blue Ridge into Warrenton, to the Warren Green School, taught by a Mr. Richard Smith. Here fate might have had a hand had he had the good fortune to meet a little girl busily engaged at Miss Milligan's, just eight miles from where these Jefferson County boys were ensconced. Lina Tucker Brooke, the unruly, brainy, and altogether delightful daughter of Henry L. Brooke, of Richmond, was there studying Latin and the higher mathematics. The Odes of Horace, however, and the mysteries of Euclid would have been no drawing cards to engage the affections of my father. He failed in "math," and knew little Latin and less Greek, in spite of rooming with the celebrated Crawford H. Toy at the university.

William Lucas, Jr., had also been at the University of Virginia, but I do not think the two brothers were there together. My father's first roommate was John Yates Beall, and their room, I think, was the identical one in which Poe had conceived the "Tales of the Ragged Mountains."

At Judge Brockenbrough's Law School, in Lexington, the final milestones were taken in the acquisition of a learning that, while it was modest, was yet extensive, and gave to my father's writings the perfection that distinguished them. Sitting at the same boarding house table, the demure young poet and T. J. Jackson, the future war god of the South, felt no stirrings of destiny. Yet with its stanza to Stonewall, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming" inspired Mrs. Jackson's admiration more than any poem of the South. So also of Miss Mary Lee and some other notable folks.

In relating my father's association with Rion Hall, where he spent many happy days in his young manhood, and where, from practicing law in Richmond, he returned to witness the trial of John Brown; whither also he came from his ride through the Kanawha with Gen. Henry A. Wise, and again, having nursed through a fatal illness his beloved and only brother; and again, after his Canadian visit, with its sad occasion the trial and death of John Yates Beall—I must say that I think Rion Hall meant more to him in the days of his early married life, and on through the advancing years. Then, no matter what good fortune, emolument, or honor befell him, he ("we," for I was then on the scene) ever returned to the beautiful old home with an enthusiasm and joy which nothing could surpass. Nor could any disappointment or disaster mar the peaceful and blessed serenity



RION HALL AT THE PRESENT TIME.

which emanates from trees and flowers that seek the sky amid the encircling arms of beautiful blue hills.

And in the story of Lucas, the poet, and Rion Hall, the home of poets, horticulturists, and (incidentally) fanciers of cats, the most touching reminiscence must always be connected with the romantic and gifted Virginia Bedinger Lucas, whose *nom de plume* of "Eglantine" made her a familiar favorite of the thoughtful or sentimentally inclined people of her day. Coming, at great sacrifice of the feelings both of her foster mother and herself, to live with her father in 1858, she spent the last seven years of her life amid the trees and flowers of the Valley. And at Rion Hall, in a sixth sense that comes to me from the spirit world, I find an intimate association with this poet-aunt, whom I never knew, but whose devoted attachment to my father seems to lend an extra halo to a very exquisite and ethereal character.

She never comes to me in dreams, as so many, though once I held in my hand a boxful of the tiniest jewels—sapphires, rubies, amber, and emerald and brilliants—all infinitely small and sparkling, and some one said: "This is your Aunt Virginia's treasure chest." That was a dream. Perhaps it meant that these were her beautiful perceptions, loves, joys, the delicate, fragile emotions which she could not transmit, but which she was willing to show to me, her namesake. The intimate and lovely jewels of her soul.

Of the esteem in which she was held by her favorite brother, my father, one can judge from his preface to the "Wreath of Eglantine," where he offered her a tribute as beautiful as any in the language. Written in those days when we did not veil or shut up our feelings, as to-day, in hearts none too celibate. Sentiment was ushered in with a flowery formality and grace, and we received her always kneeling, as in the presence of a queen.

Surely, in the beloved garden, amid her roses, lilies, and hyacinths, something survives. And more surely on the hillside where grow the bloodroot families, squirrel corn, twinleaf, anemone, and columbine, the Virginia spring beauty, wild violets of many hues, trillium, geranium, wild phlox, and wild sweet ferns of her planting; but most, O, most of all, in the bluebells, dancing, fleeing, drooping through the woods, I see and feel her charm, her soft, old-fashioned delicacy of thought, and her tender and youthful and affectionate grace. Dying at the advanced age of twenty-seven, I once thought of her as in a sad-eyed old maidenhood. In later years, seeing what she accomplished in the way of culture and poetic skill, I felt her premature death to have been the cutting off in its tenderness of a very pure and gifted soul.

IN THE BATTLE OF MONOCACY, MD.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The article by Judge Worthington in the January VETERAN is a vivid reminder to me of the engagement at Monocacy, Md., in which so many of my comrades lost their lives and in which I came so near to being killed myself—a very important event in the history of our country which caused a delay of one day that saved Washington, D. C., and perhaps Lincoln from falling into the hands of the Confederates under Early. On the Worthington plantation and those adjoining, the battle took place. Although this battle was fought nearly sixty-four years ago, and the great battles I had just passed through were on a much greater scale than this one, it still clings to my memory.

In writing of this, I must go back to the beginning and mention other things leading up to this battle, otherwise the reader might not understand much that he ought to know at

this time when facts have been so distorted and misrepresented as to make them appear as present-day historians would have them understood by a new generation.

The Confederate forces engaged in this campaign under General Early having just passed through the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, etc., were fearfully decimated. Brigades were only regiments, divisions were brigades in numerical strength, but all were veterans of much experience in battle. His numbers have been greatly overestimated, even by his friends.

I cannot say whether General Lee had in mind a demonstration against Washington at the time he detached General Early and his command to meet Hunter at Lynchburg, but something had to be done to stop his triumphal march. Accordingly, to our surprise, we were ordered out of the works at Cold Harbor, where we were facing Grant's army, and went into camps in the rear, where we rested two days of precious time. Long before day we set out for Lynchburg on a forced march to meet that Falstaff and his army before he could enter that city.

Early's force consisted of Gordon's division, about twenty-seven hundred strong, in advance, followed by General Rhodes and the artillery. We pushed on over the railroad track, now utterly torn up by Sheridan's Cavalry, until we were met by trains of old ramshackle cars sent to meet us. On these we climbed and were carried to our destination, where we arrived just as the sun was sinking in the west. We detrained immediately and marched through the town. Hunter had already arrived there and had thrown up a long line of earthworks, on which he had mounted cannon to protect himself from a few old men, citizens of the place, and twelve- and fourteen-year old boys, who had taken up arms to defend their homes. These were throwing up breastworks on the edge of the town as we passed out.

Finding the enemy so numerous and strongly posted, General Gordon decided to await the arrival of General Rhodes and the artillery before making an attack. These came up during the night and took position on our right at daybreak, skirmishers were thrown out to see what the enemy could do, and all that day a lively exchange of compliments passed between the opposite forces, while the artillery on each side assisted in the exercises of the day.

In the meantime, General Early was perfecting his plans to assault the enemy at daybreak the next morning, but when we approached the works not a gun was fired, and we found our foe had fled during the night.

Now began a foot race for the mountains of West Virginia, in which Hunter abandoned to our small force of cavalry, which kept in close touch with him, much of his artillery, army transport wagons, and other equipment, besides many prisoners who could not keep their places in ranks, but fell into our hands. This march was very hard on the Confederates, who were equally as anxious to capture General Hunter as he was to escape. He had rendered himself so obnoxious to our authorities by his inhumanity that they were very desirous to get him. He was one of those who thought the white people of the South ought to be exterminated by fire and sword. Every morning we rose long before day and started in pursuit and marched until a late hour at night. But when we came in sight of the fires of his encampment, we were too tired to attack and he was out and gone some time during the night. This was the nature of his retreat until he finally escaped through the narrow mountain roads of West Virginia.

While his army occupied Lexington before he went to Lynchburg his soldiers went to the cemetery where Stone-

wall Jackson is buried, and many of them took a small quantity of dirt from the mound and put it in their pocket-books. Others cut a small piece of wood from the flagpole at the head of the grave. Our cavalry who captured the prisoners found these souvenirs in their possession. Hunter burned the Virginia Military Academy at that place. I suppose his soldiers were as brave as any others, but our men had a great contempt for them on account of their commanding officer.

Late at night of the last day of the pursuit, General Early reluctantly returned to the Valley pike, where he rested his army all the next day. If he had orders from General Lee to capture Washington, D. C., and he had pushed on as rapidly as we had come from Richmond, he would have had ample time to march into that place.

Early moved leisurely down the Valley until he came to Martinsburg on the 3rd of July, where we drove off General Sigel, the "Flying Dutchman," and captured a large quantity of army stores. Here again we lost much valuable time in destroying the railroad. On the 6th we waded the Potomac and drove Sigel and his army into their impregnable fortified position on Maryland Heights, overlooking the Potomac and Harper's Ferry, Va. Not wishing to leave this considerable force in his rear without giving them a good reason to keep quiet and be good, General Early deployed Gordon's Brigade around the mountain and began a lively skirmish battle with the enemy. This consumed two days of valuable time, in which the enemy expected us to assault them and showed their apprehension by the free use of artillery ammunition, and at this place we lost some of our best soldiers, killed or wounded by shell fire.

Feeling that he had this idea well fixed in their minds, General Early marched his forces away from this mountain fortress after midnight of July 9th, en route for Washington. In all my experience as a soldier in the Confederate army, I never saw a night so dark. It was impossible to see any object ahead of us. The file of soldiers in front of the column marching two abreast, reached forth their hands and caught a few strands of the colonel's horse's tail to keep themselves in the narrow mountain path, and those in the rear were guided by the footfalls of those immediately in front; but after we reached the open country, we suffered no great inconvenience until daylight. At early dawn we passed by General Rodes's men sleeping sweetly under their blankets in the fields by the roadside, and we felt envious that we had been denied the privilege.

Further on we bivouacked, kindled little fires, and warmed up our coarse rations of bread and boiled beef. After we had eaten and rested perhaps an hour in all, we resumed our march as light hearted and jolly as if we had enjoyed a feast. On this march we felt sure that victory was ours now, since we were no more facing in breastworks the overwhelming numbers of Grant's army, and, with the utmost confidence in our noble John B. Gordon, we were willing to be led anywhere; though young, we were all veterans of many battles and thought we were superior in bravery, dash, and military skill to any force the enemy could bring to oppose us in the open country. Then we had an idea we were on our way to Washington, where we would march in, capture "Old Abe," and put an end to the war.

We were exceedingly anxious to get him and hold him responsible for the outrageous policy of his government in their conduct of the war on the Southern people. There were in our ranks many whose homes were burned and their mothers and little brothers and sisters turned out in the cold to live or die. They knew of other atrocities more shocking. Others

had been in prison and knew what tortures their comrades there were suffering, dying by hundreds every day of disease, starvation, and cold. Knowing these things, all were ready to make any sacrifice to put a stop to them. Animated by these thoughts, we cared little for the hardships we were then undergoing, but marched forward resolved to do our best for our cause and country.

Some time during the morning, we heard the boom of cannon in front toward Frederick, but we paid little attention to it, as that was not unusual when we were on the march. The cavalry was always ahead in touch with the enemy and having minor engagements with their advanced forces. Though it was continuous as we advanced, we thought little or nothing of it, and when we were coming over the higher ridges west of the city, we could see clouds of white smoke of the artillery arising beyond the town.

Before we reached the city, the head of our column turned to the right and took a road that led off in a southerly direction. This we followed some distance and then turned toward the east, crossing a creek before we reached the river. At this creek, or the river, I remember we found General Gordon sitting on his horse, and as some of our comrades showed a desire to make some preparation before stepping into the water, he spoke in a commanding voice and said, "Plunge right in, boys, no time for taking off shoes," and into it we went. The bottom was very sticky mud, and we came out wet and heavy. After we got across the Monocacy, we found a large meadow, and as we advanced some distance we saw that some of our cavalry had been having a hot engagement with the enemy. I saw a cavalryman taking his saddle off of his horse lying dead or wounded. When this man saw us coming, he ran to us with his cavalry equipment, saying: "I'm glad you're come. We'll give them — Yankees hell now. I want to go in with you boys." I did not pay any more attention to him, and do not know whether he did so or not.

Our brave cavalrymen under General McCausland had crossed the river at the ford where we came over and, after dismounting, made an attack in an open field on General Rickett's five thousand veterans in good position behind a fence. Twice they had charged the enemy and were badly cut up before we reached the scene.

After passing out of the meadow near the river, we saw before us at some distance a mountainous ridge. This was covered with timber, and the surface of the ground was covered with rocks, which made our advance over it difficult. Behind this Gordon's Brigade, now commanded by General Clement A. Evans, numbering not more than fourteen hundred, was formed. General Evans, misinformed as to the enemy's position on the other side of the mountain, rode along behind the regiments and told us that the enemy's left wing rested just over the hill. He instructed us to advance quietly until we had passed over the crest and when we had come in sight of the enemy, to bring a yell and fall on them and rout them as we had done so successfully in the Wilderness on the 5th of May, when we had routed General Grant's right wing, capturing two of his generals and doubling up his whole army.

But in this he was mistaken. General Rickett was over there facing toward us with five thousand veteran troops sent from Grant's army, one line in the open wheat field, and another in a sunken road in the rear, behind a high rail fence, and still another on the Georgetown pike protected by high banks. Fourteen hundred ragged Confederates against five thousand Yanks! When the word was given, we moved forward according to instructions and, in spite of the rough

nature of the ground, kept our alignment perfect. When we came in sight of the enemy's forces in the open field, we brought a yell and started for them. They replied with a well-directed volley that seemed to kill or wound every officer in the brigade and very many men in the ranks.

But this did not check our advance a minute. We dashed forward, and the enemy's line, as usual, broke immediately, and we pressed them back across the broken ground full of shocks of wheat on to the second line in the sunken road behind the fence. Here they made a determined resistance for quite a while, but we routed them out of this also. The ground from this place to the Georgetown Pike was much more level and perfectly open. Over this we drove them in a trot until they took refuge behind the banks of this road.

By this time our ranks were pretty thin—hardly a good skirmish line—but ranged along the higher ground we continued for quite a while to exchange shots at the heads of the enemy in the road below us. In the meantime the fighting was hot on the left toward the river and on the right at the Thomas house, where the enemy had a considerable force holding the residence, outhouses, and grove around the premises. The regiments of our brigade, which attacked this part of the enemy's line, were as good as any in the brigade, but they had to come up through the open field to the attack, while the enemy was protected by the buildings. Here again we lost some of our best soldiers until our artillerymen finally, with much effort, succeeded by some means in getting one gun across the river. This they placed in position at the corner of the Worthington residence and opened on the enemy at the Thomas house with such effect that their resistance ceased and gave way along the whole line.

In the center, where this scribe was trying to do his duty, the men on the firing line had melted away until by this time there were but three of us still keeping up the fight. When the last shot was fired by the enemy, they ran away and left us there, but not until we gave them a last parting salutation and the fight was over. Looking around, we were amazed by the sudden close of the engagement. Not a Confederate Yank was to be seen anywhere except three blue-clad fellows lying about a hundred yards away, too badly wounded to stand up. On the left of our line toward the river, where the enemy occupied the sunken road under the hill, our men were badly cut to pieces. They had to advance in the open, while the enemy was well protected and presented nothing to shoot at except their heads. The 61st Georgia, one of our best regiments, but now reduced to only 150 men, a regiment that had never failed to drive the enemy from any position, charged them several times, only to be shot to pieces in every attempt to dislodge them, and perhaps would never have done so, but, fortunately for them, when they had about lost heart, the Louisiana brigades of Hays and Nichols, originally ten thousand strong, but now reduced to only two hundred, seeing their friends slaughtered, boldly waded the river and attacked the enemy on the flank and in the rear. Once more taking heart, they joined in the final attack, which resulted in routing the enemy on that part of the line. The broken remnants of Lew Wallace's army, though double that of the Confederates engaged in this battle, fled, utterly routed, toward Baltimore. At no time during the fight, as far as I could see, did the enemy assume the offensive, but fled from one position of protection to another, closely pursued by the Confederates, until the close of the engagement.

But I must admit I could not see what was going on along the whole line. I could see pretty well from the center to the right at the Thomas house, but my view to the left, where there was much bitter fighting in progress, was obscured.

This battle, as far as Gordon's Georgia Brigade was concerned, was conducted by private soldiers, each man acting independently, as our officers, as I have already intimated, were shot down in the first volley fired by the enemy.

The loss on each side was about seven hundred. That of Gordon's Brigade was about five hundred in killed and wounded. Many of these brave young fellows had on their bodies the marks of many wounds received in previous battles. Peace to their ashes!

* * *

An effort is to be made to make this battle field a memorial park to commemorate this event, which delayed our advance on Washington one day and thereby saved that city and perhaps Lincoln from falling into our hands. What the result on the war would have been had we succeeded, I will not attempt to say, but I know the sentiment which animated every soldier in Early's army. We were all exceedingly anxious to get Lincoln and hold him to account for the inhuman treatment of the Southern people and the outrageous punishment of our helpless prisoners in their hands. We were all exasperated on account of these things.

Gettysburg was on a much larger scale than Monocacy, and there are memorials all over the ground to commemorate the event, but the latter was even more important in consequence as to the result of the war than the former.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I am no hero; but when this battle ended so abruptly, two comrades and I were the only Confederates on the ground. We stood there on a bluff overlooking the Georgetown Pike as the last of our enemies ran away, and we hastened their departure by emptying our Enfields at them as a mark of our respect.

Everything now was quiet. Looking around us, we saw scattered everywhere over the field new U. S. army blankets, linen tent flies, knapsacks, guns, and other equipment cast aside by Rickett's men in flight to escape. After putting out a fire which was slowly burning in the wheat stubble and advancing toward the wounded Yanks already mentioned, and ministering to their needs, I sat down on the bank of the Georgetown Pike and awaited the return of our stragglers. I found that every man in my company, now reduced to only twelve, had been hit except one. We bivouacked that night on the roadside, and early the next morning set out for Washington. In another article, I will write up our march to that city and subsequent events.

Yes, by all means let the government make this place a memorial park. It will not only commemorate the salvation of the national capital, but will show to future generations the daring spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. How a few of them routed a great army of their enemies, turned aside and waded a great river, attacked another army, bottled it up in a fort on top of a mountain, boldly crossed another stream, climbed a mountain, attacked a veteran army well posted, twice as large as itself, with reinforcements perhaps as numerous, routed them and threatened the national capital itself, and recrossed the Potomac into their own country. These achievements ought to be perpetuated to all time.

"Lest we forget—Lest we forget."

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed

That sword might victor be!

And when our triumph was delayed,

And many a heart grew sore afraid,

We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade

Of noble Robert Lee!

—Father Ryan.

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

When McClellan, following Johnston's retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, came up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers, he found himself compelled to make a strategical blunder. He could not attack Johnston's army, on the south side of the Chickahominy, or besiege Richmond, without crossing also to the south of that stream, and yet had to protect his base of supplies on the north of it at White House on the Pamunkey branch of the York, and at West Point on the York proper. That is to say, he was compelled to divide his army, letting a river and its swampy banks, which was subject to frequent overflows, lie between the separated wings. When he put two corps across, Johnston struck them a heavy blow at Seven Pines; and when later he put the bulk of his army over, Lee fell on the part left on the north side, in the battle of Gaines's Mill. A base on the James promised even worse things, for it necessitated placing it in an angle between the James and the lower Chickahominy. McClellan was, in fact, held to the north bank by another consideration, an army under McDowell was between Richmond and Washington trying to unite with him, so he held his army on the north side until he found McDowell ordered back. Then, as he had to act, he sent two corps over to the south side, and immediately the river rose to its limit.

Johnston now had his problem—how to crush those two corps without exposing Richmond to attack by McClellan's other three. The position of the two exposed corps and Johnston's skill enabled him to attempt it, but owing to the weakness of the blow which his lieutenant dealt the enemy, the battle failed of its full purpose, and, in fact, the Federals were able to profit by the result more than the Confederates. It was a singular battle, and McClellan, Johnston, Smith, Longstreet, Heintzleman, Keyes, Couch, and Casey suffered a loss of reputation, a perfectly innocent Confederate general, Huger, was immensely censured, and only D. H. Hill, of the Confederates, and Sumner, of the Federals, were accorded laurels fairly won—that is, of the higher generals.

With the books of Johnston, Smith, Longstreet, and Alexander, and the report of Hill before me, I will endeavor to make plain the matters of greatest interest bearing on an understanding of the battle.

If you go out from Richmond a little northeast about four miles, you will come to the Chickahominy, north of which lay the Federal host aggregating 125,000 men. The river flows southeast and is crossed by many bridges. The highest upstream of these to be considered is Meadow Bridge. Twelve and a half miles below, on an air line, is Bottom's Bridge, the lowest down stream to be considered. It is due east of the city on the all-important road, the Williamsburg Road, and is about eleven miles from Richmond. The triangle thus formed (Meadow Bridge however, is about *six miles* north of the *initial point* of the Williamsburg Road at Richmond) is the strategic field, while the battle field is a much smaller triangle, being a road beginning at Seven Pines, some seven miles from Richmond on the Williamsburg Road, and running northward to New Bridge, distant about five miles; the four-mile remainder of the Williamsburg Road to Bottom's Bridge; and the river from New Bridge to Bottom's Bridge. Now that road from Seven Pines northward to New Bridge passes through Fair Oaks, a station on the York Railroad, goes on to Old Tavern, a junction point with a road to Richmond called the Nine Mile Road, and still further to New Bridge.

The Federals, on May 28, 29, were north of the river beginning at about Meadow Bridge and extending down to Bottom's Bridge, but none below, where the Federals had

several bridges and the railroad bridge, planked over. At New Bridge the Confederate line left the river, turned southward and ran as far as Old Tavern, the junction with Nine Mile Road, leaving some two and a half miles of road toward Seven Pines unguarded. It did not require all of Johnston's army to man this line from Meadow to New Bridge, and, turning there, to Old Tavern. Nor were there any roads to the city (but the railroad) between Old Tavern and Seven Pines. Johnston kept a large division (Smith's) near Meadow Bridge as a reserve, and then he had Longstreet's six brigades near Richmond, D. H. Hill's four brigades, and Huger also arriving there from Norfolk with three brigades. All these troops he could move at will to any point attacked. Having guarded the Nine Mile with troops at Old Tavern, he could watch all approach of the enemy by way of the railroad or Williamsburg Road, and he put D. H. Hill far out on the latter for that purpose.

We may say here that the Federals never attempted any crossings above New Bridge or attacked the line from there to Old Tavern. They crossed and were found by Hill, on the 30th, on the Williamsburg Road, and also during the battle another force passed across the New Bridge to the Old Tavern front of the Confederate line, to the gap between Old Tavern and Seven Pines, seeking to rescue their friends advancing on the Williamsburg Road. The battle was with the Federals on the Williamsburg Road, and a new battle arose with those coming in front of Old Tavern to help the others. The two battles remained all of the first day separated by a gap of three quarters of a mile or more.

Hill, on the 30th, found that McClellan, having previously crossed troops at Bottom's Bridge, was advancing to the city straight up the Williamsburg Road and had reached Seven Pines, where he fortified, and extended a line from that road northwestward to Fair Oak station on the railroad. On that night of May 30, Johnston made plans to attack. McClellan had crossed two corps. He halted Heintzleman at Bottom's Bridge and the bridge over the adjacent White Oak swamp, just south, and sent Keyes with another corps toward Richmond as far as Seven Pines. These, as was said, stretched from Seven Pines to Fair Oaks. Johnston would not disturb his line guarding Richmond along the crest of the bluffs, nor that from New Bridge to Old Tavern. He would use his reserves—Smith's five brigades—to extend that line from Old Tavern toward Fair Oaks, as far as necessary, then Hill's four brigades to attack the entrenchments in front with Longstreet (who had six brigades) on Hill's left, and Huger with three on his right. Hill could go straight down the Williamsburg Road, Longstreet get on his left by means of the Nine Mile and a lateral road, and Huger find his place on the right flank by a road called the Charles City Road, also running eastwardly, and before that road passed south of White Oak swamp, turning by a lateral road back toward the Williamsburg Road, Smith could follow Longstreet on Nine Mile as far as Tavern and extend the line there toward Fair Oaks. If needed to help in the attack, he would be able to do so, or if needed to hold back the Federals north of the river from reinforcing their friends, he would be in position. Longstreet's six, Huger's three, and Hill's four brigades meant in early days of the war something like 25,000 to 30,000 men, and Smith might be able to add more. Only some 18,000 Federals were with Keyes, and the work could be done before Heintzleman's 18,000 could be brought up from Bottom Bridge. If Keyes was crushed, then Heintzleman's advance to help could be easily handled.

It is to be noted there were three roads and three divisions, a road for each, while Smith was to follow Longstreet and

halt at Old Tavern and thus not interfere at all, but be on hand for emergencies. It was a most simple plan, but very beautiful in embracing no disturbance of the troops guarding Richmond, but a reinforcement of them by a protection of their flank through extension of their line toward Fair Oaks, while, since Keyes's line was so short that the thirteen brigades attacking it would far overlap, they could swing round it on both flanks and turn it out, pushing it, in rout perhaps, back on Heintzleman at Bottom's Bridge. In the issue we will see that just five brigades and a fraction did the work, so what would have been the result if the flanking troops had been in place? General Johnston's plans of battle were ever equal to the best, and this was surely no exception.

But the very capable but ever opinionated Longstreet was put in charge of all that right wing of thirteen brigades. Johnston himself went to Old Tavern with Smith's five brigades and took charge personally of the fighting there, separated entirely from the attack and the real battle under Longstreet. General Lee has said a brigadier "leads" his troops, a division commander "fights" his troops, a corps commander "commands," and a general of army "directs." Johnston went with Smith's division, fought with them, and was wounded by both ball and shell. He was not the only "general" who did not watch that splendid fighter, Longstreet, closely enough; and Albert Sydney Johnston even lost his life and the victory by fighting instead of directing. Lee himself, on at least two occasions, started to act as a brigadier and lead troops into action. But Johnston was using Smith merely to bring up troops, and went with Whiting (to whom Smith, when appointed to command the left wing, turned over the active command of the division) right into the fight.

The contingencies of Johnston's plan were these: Suppose Hill's four brigades could not, without supports behind, carry the entrenchments, as happened later to Hill himself at Chickamauga? Or, suppose in Smith's battle, the gap should be used by the enemy to flank Smith and reach the Nine Mile Road approach to Richmond. To guard against the former, Longstreet held off his brigades from the flank so as to come in behind Hill, and only one of his six were used in the fight on the left of Hill, as ordered in Johnston's plan; while to guard against the possibility of attack in the direction of the gap, Johnston strongly maintained connection with the troops stationed at Old Tavern. He could not do this and at same time extend all the way to Hill's left. Now, as it happened, water from White Oak swamp proved a very effectual guard on their left flank for the Federals, and, as neither Longstreet nor Johnston filled the place on Hill's left, the well-planned flanking did not take place on either flank, except to a very limited extent. Perhaps it should be said that while what may be called battle-flanking was contemplated, a more extensive strategic flanking or marching flanking could not be contemplated on Hill's left because of the nearness of the river and its lower bridges held by the Federals, allowing them to cut the flankers off at the gap.

Johnston received news of the Federal advance to Seven Pines on the 30th, so Longstreet came over to his headquarters, said he heard all the plans, saw the orders to the others written, and himself received *verbal orders*. Heavy rains had begun at noon and continued through most of the night, raising the river, Gillis Creek, between Nine Mile Road and Williamsburg Road, and White Oak Swamp between Williamsburg Road and Charles City Road. So much so that all the very flat country around was flooded. Johnston says that Longstreet "misunderstood his orders," and adds "which may be my fault, as I told you"—that is, told Smith.

In the ensuing account of this, the main battle, I wish to

lay stress on three things: Hill's splendid fighting, Longstreet's most remarkable blunders, and the unjust and even cruel way in which the entirely innocent Huger was blamed in the report of Longstreet, and even of Johnston, who followed Longstreet's account.

As all had to march miles before the battle could begin, a great point was made in all orders of an early start, and, accordingly, all started on time. Longstreet had six brigades near Richmond, and also took his wagons along, making, of course, a long train. Hill would be first to get in position so as to open the fight, but he was not to do this until Huger should come up behind him, relieve a brigade posted by Hill in his rear with one of his own, and pass on to the right of Hill. At one o'clock, according to Hill's report, Huger had not appeared. Probably it was even later, and Hill had yet to march some distance, deploy his line of battle and drive in the enemy's skirmishers and pickets—all requiring time. There was no heavy fighting till after two at the earliest. But Huger had started early, and even though delayed by much water, would have easily fallen in behind Hill and been right in place. Smith, too, brought his five brigades under Whiting to Johnston's headquarters on the Nine Mile Road and could reach Old Tavern in plenty of time. What, then, was the trouble? Simply this: Longstreet had got it into his head somehow that he was to come in behind Hill on the Williamsburg Road instead of on the left of Hill, and that Smith was to move on the Gaines road along the crest of the bluffs as far as New Bridge, then along the New Bridge, where Magruder's troops stood, till he reached Old Tavern, and then proceed to Hill's left near Fair Oaks. So, Smith found Longstreet's troops not moving down the Nine Mile to Old Tavern, but across the Nine Mile Road to get on the Williamsburg Road behind Hill. Had Smith taken the Gaines road, he would have been exposed to the sight of the enemy across the river and betrayed the movement to attack Keyes at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. Longstreet found Hill on the Williamsburg Road and had to halt strung out and blocking Smith. Then when Hill got by, Longstreet ran into Huger coming to get behind Hill—according to orders. Longstreet says in his book that he was first at a certain creek that had to be bridged, so he took the road away from Huger. However, as Hill could not fight till Huger relieved his brigade, guarding a road to Richmond, and took his position, the delay to build a bridge, and cross six brigades over it, and also the wagons and then the halt of all this procession in order to let Huger once more pass on ahead of it, consumed hours of time. At one o'clock, as we saw, Huger was not in sight of Hill. How could Huger help it. Longstreet had, in fact, destroyed Johnston's plan, taken Smith's road away and then Huger's, and had himself produced the delay that he and Johnston were to stress in their reports as working great injury. But yet more: Longstreet and Huger had a talk over seniority of rank, and Longstreet says in his book that when he found that Huger ranked him, he offered Huger the command and Huger declined; and then he proposed that Huger stay with his one brigade and send his other two to the front (presumably under some one else), and while Huger assented, his "manner was eloquent of discontent," so, 'the better to harmonize, I proposed to reinforce his column with three of my brigades, to be sent under General Wilcox, to lead or follow his division as he might order.' Then he continues: "I gave special orders to Wilcox to have care that the head of his column," etc. We have only next to turn to Wilcox's report and letter to Smith to see that this brigadier was given five brigades (two of Huger's and three of Longstreet's) and by Longstreet's orders they were kept marching all evening behind the lines, up and down the

Charles City Road, until at last, at nearly sunset, two regiments entered the main battle over on the Williamsburg road and not on the flank at all. Even Huger's last brigade was sent for, and thus Huger, one of the three division generals on the field (Longstreet, Hill, and Huger), was rendered a nullity, while a brigadier was given five brigades, suddenly, in presence of the enemy, in dense woods and on a deeply flooded terrain, only to be kept where the troops were useless—ordered first to follow, then to lead, then to go back, then to return, and, finally, to cross over to where Longstreet himself was—a mile behind the battle. O, it is queer reading, I can assure you! And when you remember that Longstreet was given thirteen brigades to use for the attack, and only put five and two regiments into the fighting, amazement alone expresses the feelings of a reader.

Probably Longstreet had tried to advise Johnston to put some troops behind Hill's, and thought he had succeeded in convincing him. Possibly, also, he had advised that Smith could extend from Old Tavern to Fair Oaks, and do the flanking Johnston had assigned to his (Longstreet's) division. According to his book, he seldom left his superiors without advice, and, as often happens in such cases, imagined he had won his point because they listened and did not emphatically enough reject his view. He shows by his account that he utterly failed to see that Johnston could not afford to let Smith get tangled up in a deadly grapple, while he, with no other troops in reserve, might suffer a tremendous assault on Magruder's, Jones's, or A. P. Hill's rather weak lines that guarded Richmond. Longstreet complains that Smith, in the fighting that fell to his lot from the troops McClellan sent across to help those Longstreet was attacking, did not use artillery; but it is easy to see that Johnston wanted Smith to hold himself free to draw out from a grapple. In fact, Johnston was fighting Smith's division himself, and assigned Smith to a minor rôle. Longstreet, with a very correct tactical idea as to Hill's attack, and the possibilities for Smith, did not apprehend at all Johnston's care for the dangers that could threaten his center and his extreme left.

As to the use of so few troops for his attack, when he had nearly three times as many as he used, it may be remarked that Longstreet was an economical fighter. He seems to a reader to have seldom illustrated Forrest's dictum—"to get there first with the most men." His method was to prepare to hit hard, never mind how long it took to get ready, and to hit tremendously on a narrow front. He seemed content on this occasion with what was done, while Johnston and Lee had hoped to crush and mangle both corps of the enemy. He had accomplished a great feat of arms by superb fighting, but he had enough men to have done much more with far less slaughter—at least, the books of good soldiers say so. That he was successful in storming the field works in two successive lines half a mile apart seems in large measure, due to his lieutenant, D. H. Hill, who proved himself that day a Paladin of great stature in a fight.

Huger needs no vindication at anybody's hands. His own record in two wars and the facts as given by Longstreet himself have been and are amply sufficient. What strikes a reader is that Longstreet tells that Huger did him the honor to decline the advantage presented by their respective commissions as major generals, and that he at once turned round and deprived him of the slightest power to carry out Johnston's orders by taking from him all of his brigades, first putting two under a brigadier, together with three of his own, and afterwards sending the third to Hill. That he offered to send Huger those three to act under his orders—"to lead or follow, as he might order," and when the offer was

accepted, he proceeded to order all five brigades himself clear away from Huger's sight or hearing. That having only two division commanders, he deprived himself of one. That although General Wilcox's experience as a brigadier general was necessarily at this period of the war very limited, he gave him five brigades to handle there and then, and bade him "keep abreast of the line of battle" raging in the worst terrain imaginable—dense thickets, swamps, and ponds. These are indeed railing accusations, but Longstreet writes them himself in cold blood. And, far worse, it was Longstreet who wrote in his report that Huger had caused the delay in the battle. Truly, Longstreet "has it in for" Longstreet, and still, as the old song goes, "with all your faults, we love you still." Yea, verily, the man who made "the first corps" of the Army of Northern Virginia what it was must have been a born soldier.

And so now in this very fight we have evidence of Longstreet's great efficiency as a corps commander. A battle is at hand, his superior out of the range of orders, Huger disposed of also, a free field offered for tactics, and a capital fighter at the head of the division assigned to the frontal attack. He finds that the water from White Oak reaches so near the Federal left that there is really little or no chance for that flank to be attacked, as Johnston planned, so he gives it up, and keeps Wilcox with all those brigades in rear. True, his efforts to draw Wilcox near him caused many orders and long failure, but that is the real meaning of Wilcox's position. He sends Kemper's Brigade to help Hill's right in any flanking possible, puts R. H. Anderson into Hill's frontal line, and stations Pickett on his left flank as a guard against the enemy from direction of New Bridge. Then he makes his frontal attack with all the force that can be gotten out of five brigades, aiding it by little flanking excursions as need and opportunity arise. The enemy has two lines of more or less efficient field works—a redoubt, and pits, some breastworks, and abatis—half a mile apart. Before night he has driven him a mile behind the second line. Not in rout, nor with the loss of many prisoners, but often in confusion and in final complete defeat, with ten guns and several thousand muskets left behind, as well as all their camp equipage. Reinforcements by Kearny's Division avail them not. Some strong and extensive field works in their rear receive and protect them—and night. Not only is it a neat performance, but one typical of Longstreet's methods.

But at one time, he tells us, his forward attack was "in a sack." What does he do? He appeals to Smith, and sends for Wilcox, so as to flank on his left, where Johnston had assigned the position of his, Longstreet's, division. They do not come, and he dispenses with such aid, and fights on to victory. Wilcox gets two regiments into the battle.

One has to read the reports of the brigade commanders in order to see the terrible conditions under which our troops fought—sheets of water from ankle to waist deep, sticky, holding mud at the bottom; thickets and dense woods; impenetrable briars, and all the rest of it. Nothing but enthusiastic courage and confidence in Hill and Longstreet carried them through. One must know that when five brigades whip a corps and a half behind field works in a stand up fight, the whole was a deed of heroism.

On Smith's side, as was said, the fighting was merely preventative, but anything but perfunctory. The Federals employed their artillery, while the Confederates kept theirs almost unused, so that the Federals rather got the best of the fighting. No positions were won or lost. The Federals did not try to go to Richmond, and were unable to reach their friends. Johnston did his part as planned.

As to the battle next day, little need be said. Gustavus W. Smith, succeeding to command, had to plan for a battle the conditions of which he could not possibly know. It was believed that the high stage of water would that night prevent the crossing of the river, but if it did not, then the odds against the Confederates might well be overwhelming. Nor would there be time in the morning for much reconnaissance on account of the fear of the river falling rapidly. Whatever was done had to be done quickly. Smith decided to try a battle, and Lee approved. But what kind of battle and where? As we have seen, A. P. Hill, Jones, and Magruder were tied to stations of defense. Even Smith's division had to defend the Nine Mile Road against a flank attack by way of the gap between it and Fair Oaks. It seemed that only Longstreet, with D. H. Hill's, Huger's, and his own divisions, was available for attack. Smith ordered Longstreet to pivot on Whiting (at or near Fair Oaks) and wheel against the enemy, both antagonists having rested the night before in lines bent at an obtuse angle. Some hot fighting in several places showed the enemy, on account of reinforcements and defences, much too strong for the forces available, so that in as much as one side was afraid and the other glad of it, the fighting paused and died completely down. Smith was on the verge of a stroke of paralysis, which came the day after, and probably was not equal to the situation under such circumstances; but he was an extremely able man in more ways than one, and a Kentuckian who, like Helm and Hanson, Morgan and Breckinridge, loved the South and its great cause with all his heart. He lived to serve her again, and happily closed his military career with a victory at Honey Hill, S. C., in the end of 1864, where, commanding a thousand Georgia militia and two hundred Confederate soldiers, he defeated General Hatch with several thousand men. In the Mexican War, he had served with McClellan as his junior in an engineer company, and won three brevets. His health seems to have been all that kept him from high distinction, and, even as it was, his services were very important. His book "Confederate War Papers" is very illuminating.

SERVICE WITH THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

The following is taken from the reminiscences of the late Capt. Robert William Douthat, so well known in late years, both North and South, for his lecture on the battle of Gettysburg, in which he had an active part. Captain Douthat had also served his Southland well in the service he gave in the schools of different States, service both as instructor and as the directing head, having been president of Quitman College, Ark., and others, and held degrees from several. He was especially proficient in the ancient languages, and his last work was as teacher of Greek and Latin in the West Virginia University at Morgantown. His death occurred at Abilene, Tex., in December, 1925. He was a student at Emory and Henry College, Washington County, Va., in his twentieth year, when the war began, and the war fever broke up the class work, the students returning to their homes. His narrative begins:

"The day after I reached home, I joined a company which was expected to be infantry, and upon organization I was elected junior second lieutenant and received my commission shortly thereafter in the Virginia army. All of the States at that time maintained State troops. We were not brought into the Confederate service, as such, until the reorganization of the army at Yorktown in April, 1862, and in that reorganization I was elected first lieutenant, under Captain Fowles. On the night of May 30, 1862, one of the heaviest rains that ever

fell in Virginia fell at Richmond. The wind blew, the tents fell, and many of the boys had to sleep in water if they slept at all. About daylight on the morning of the 31st, we had orders to get ready for a march and long roll was sounded so that every soldier had to hurry from breakfast and make ready for battle. The reason for this rapid movement was an effort on the part of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to capture Key's Corps of the Union army, which had crossed to the north side of the Chickahominy River. The river being up so high that no help could get to Key from the other side determined Johnston to push as rapidly as possible to the capture. General Huger was ordered to strike Key's left flank at daylight of the 31st, and D. H. Hill was ordered to strike Key's right flank as soon as he heard the guns of Huger's army; then the two flanks of Key's army were to be attacked by Huger and Hill, and Longstreet was to strike the center.

"It would have been a complete capture had Johnston's orders been obeyed, but Huger, on our right, said he got lost and couldn't find the enemy, and Hill, of course, couldn't fire a gun until he heard the guns of Huger; so, about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the river had fallen and troops had been brought over from the Union side to the help of Key, Longstreet's Division was ordered into the center and my regiment, in particular, was taken in where there was no shelter, and Key's men in the swamps, behind the bushes, poured the hot lead into our ranks to such an extent that in less than ten minutes one hundred and sixty men, out of less than four hundred, went down to death or wounds, and among these was that beloved Captain Fowles. He was killed just a little in front of me, shot in the head; and to my right Sergeant Francis was wounded three times, twice after he fell; Bob Hudgins, on my left, was wounded six times, and, while lying on the ground, with his head behind a cartridge box, the cartridge box was torn all to pieces. The command was given to retreat, but as I did not want to be shot in the back, which I always thought would be proof that I was running from the enemy, I dropped down among the dead and wounded and let the firing go on over my head from both sides. Soon the battle began a little to our left, and all the Union soldiers that had been in our front moved in that direction, leaving the way clear for me to go out. Twenty-six men of my company were killed and wounded there in less than ten minutes. From that time to the close of the war I was in, first, the seven days battles around Richmond, then in the Second Manassas, on the old Manassas battle ground; then in the battle of Sharpsburg, in Maryland; in the battle of Fredericksburg; in the siege at Suffolk for a full week, keeping general picket in Suffolk while we were gathering all the bacon out of North Carolina, preparatory to the Gettysburg campaign. After the siege of Suffolk, we were moved back to the vicinity of Richmond and held there in camp until the time seemed propitious for moving into Pennsylvania.

"It was not long after wading the Potomac River until we got into serious trouble at Gettysburg. My command in the battle of Gettysburg (Pickett's Division) consisted of three brigades. My brigade was on the extreme right, Garnett's Brigade on the extreme left, and Armistead's Brigade in the center. An artillery duel preceding the charge lasted for two full hours. There was no shelter for any of the troops, and shells were pouring their shot into our ranks during all of those two hours. Many were killed and many wounded before the charge began. In the charge, seven-eighths of a mile, we had to go as rapidly as possible, while trying to keep our alignment complete, and when we got anywhere near the enemy's breastworks, Statler's Vermont Brigade attacked our

right flank and captured a large number of the 24th Virginia Regiment, which threw my regiment, the 11th, on the extreme right, so that we—those that were left of us after the charge—had to fight Statler's Brigade in order to keep them from capturing all that were left of us. The last I saw of Pickett's Division, it consisted of five men: One colonel, wounded, standing and waiting a chance to get out; one man with the flag of our regiment, also waiting for a chance to slip out; one man, with myself, firing on the 11th Vermont Regiment; and Capt. John Smith, lying at my feet, badly wounded. I fired as often as I could with my gun until, looking around I saw that everybody was gone but the wounded man at my feet, and he doubtless wondered why I stood there so long, possibly thinking that I was staying to keep him company. I finally ran. I know I ran. I think I could have beaten a Marathon racer that day. When I came out on the hill, Seminary Ridge, and was talking with a wounded Mississippian, General Lee rode up, only a few steps away from where I was standing, and an officer went to him and said: 'General, we are in a bad condition.' General Lee, without any perturbation, said: 'We must gather together our resources and make the best of it.'

"If the enemy had known our condition at that time they could have sent a force between us and Hood's Division and could have captured all of Hood's men, because there was something like a full mile with no troops to hold the ground; but Meade's army was as badly hurt as was ours, and, therefore, not in any condition to follow us; so we got back to the fords at Williamsport, Md.; but the Potomac River was up so high that it was impossible to cross it, and we stayed there on the banks of the river until the night of the 14th of July, eleven days after the battle had been fought. We had, perhaps, forty thousand men left, and the enemy's army had recruited to over ninety thousand men, but they did not dare to make any attack, and we crossed the river on the night of the 14th almost undisturbed, except by a few drunken cavalymen, and went into camp at Martinsburg, Va. (now West Virginia).

"The only special event in 1864 that I remember was the siege of Plymouth, N. C., when we captured the place and the Union forces by the Confederate ram Albemarle running into Plymouth by one of the big forts of the Union army. My company was on picket duty not far from the fort on the night that the ram ran into Plymouth, and we heard the orders at the fort: 'That is one of our vessels; don't fire on it.' The Union troops were deceived and did not know any better until the Confederate ram was right in the center of the Union forces. The next morning, my company seeing the Union flag lowered at the fort and the Union soldiers coming out and stacking arms for surrender, was the first to enter the fort.

"I recall that I had a furlough that year and went back to see my sweetheart. I had some notion of getting married, but my mother said: 'Wait another year, and then I will not object.' When I went back to camp after my furlough ran out, the army was on the move, and we were finally located in the region of Drury's Bluff and kept Ben Butler inside of the Bermuda Hundred, between the two rivers—the James and the Appomattox. Before getting our positions on this Bermuda Hundred line, we had a severe battle, called the "Battle of Drury's Bluff," in driving Butler out of his position between Petersburg and Richmond, and the loss to both armies was heavy. We had two battles, one on the morning of the 16th and the other on the afternoon of the 17th of May, before we got Butler into the triangle from which he could never escape. Grant said Butler was "hermetically sealed."

He couldn't get up either of the rivers because our heavy artillery blocked the way, and we had sufficient force between the two rivers to prevent his making any attack on our lines; but he was shrewd enough to allow his men to trade coffee



ROBERT WILLIAM DOUTHAT,

Second Lieutenant and Officer of the Day,
Picture taken at Centerville, Va., about 1861.

for tobacco on the picket lines, and in that way had opportunity to distribute promises that if our men would desert, he would put them where they would have employment at good wages, and so have money enough to start in business after the war was over. Many of our men yielded to the temptation and deserted. Not less than ten men out of my own company deserted while we were on that particular line of battle.

"On March 30, we were taken out of the breastworks near Drury's Bluff and entrained for a small station some miles north of Petersburg, where we were put off in the woods and told to rest until further orders. After sleeping until shortly before daylight, we were started out for a battle with Sheridan's cavalry, and as soon as we came in sight of them they began to run. We followed them for about six miles in their retreat, but Sheridan was simply trying to draw us as far as possible from the railroad so he might capture us. On the morning of the 1st of April, we learned that a corps of infantry had come up to help Sheridan in capturing our forces, and we retreated to what was called Five Forks, about ten miles from Petersburg, and were ordered to throw up breastworks as rapidly as possible, so that Sheridan's cavalry could not make any direct attack. Our boys worked manfully and did throw up first-class breastworks, which Sheridan could not have gotten over if we had been kept in battle line; but, on the afternoon of that day, Warren's Corps of Infantry began to get in behind us and break through between us and Petersburg, and got far into our rear. With Sheridan on one side of us and Warren's infantry on the other, we were indeed 'between the devil and the deep sea'; and when our infantry

discovered that the enemy had ten times their number, we were unable to get them to fight at all—they ran every time the blue coats came in sight.

When I found I was left alone in that angle between Sheridan's cavalry and Warren's infantry, I started to run between the two lines, and at almost every jump I made, the enemy would cry "Halt" and then fire. I thought of surrender, but decided to take my chances, so I ran on until I got where I could see the Confederates giving way in a great line of battle, our cavalry going helter-skelter, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, over the stumps and the logs in an old field. I turned a little to the right to keep out of the crush and found a few men on top of a hill, where some officer told us to put ourselves in single file, muffle our canteens, and follow a guide through the woods, never speaking one to another, because we did not know where the enemy was. We went back to Exeter Mills, a great flouring mill on the Appomattox River, that night, and there we built fires out of the stave timbers used in the making of barrels, warmed ourselves and got a little something to eat, then lay down to sleep. In the morning, about three o'clock, we heard the big guns begin to roar down at Petersburg and we knew, that Grant was making an assault all along our lines. Finally all was silent, and we knew what had surely happened—Richmond and Petersburg had been captured.

"We were then ordered to get ready to move immediately up the Appomattox toward Lynchburg. I went on with the army until we came to Sailor's Creek, near the High Bridge, where we had our last battle. The enemy surrounded us there—cavalry in front of us, infantry behind us and it was not long before Sheridan's cavalry came right down behind us. We were in an open field, and infantry could not undertake to run from cavalry. On the 6th day of April—three days before General Lee surrendered, we were captured and taken back to a place now called Blackston, and kept in camp there one night. Most of the men were under guard and started for City Point the next morning. I, with eighteen others, was on the sick list, and we were left behind, and there I passed my twenty-fifth birthday. On April 14, our nineteen were taken down to Petersburg, and the next day we were taken to City Point and put under a guard of negroes. On the morning of the 16th we were placed on a boat and started for Washington City. On the way down, we met a boat coming from Alexandria, displaying a large placard stating "The President Assassinated." Our boat was held at Alexandria until Monday morning, the 17th, when we were taken into Washington City and placed in the Old Capitol Prison. The whole city was just like a tinder box at that time. Finally we were sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, where I was held from May 2 until June 18, when I was released on taking the oath of allegiance.

"It took us ten days to reach home. Roads were cut, and we had to ride on oil cars, coal cars, and in box cars until we reached Baltimore. We had to stay there a day because no arrangements had been made to get us out of the city. So many were coming from prison that they didn't have the means to send us away. I went that night with a friend to the theater, where Byron's *Mazeppa* was presented, and then back to the wharf and lay down to sleep. In the morning we were taken on boat and started down the Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rappahannock River, but the boat was unseaworthy and anchored there until morning—it would not travel after night. We reached City Point on Sunday morning. A few of us decided to go to Richmond, where we found Confederates numerous, sitting around everywhere under the trees, waiting for some chance to get home. We

decided to go over to Petersburg in the afternoon, and the assistant agent put us in a car of oats on the train to Burdetteville, where Grant's army was then. We slept there as soundly as we ever slept in bed at home, and the next morning a train came loaded down with Confederates on their way home. Three of us got on that train. I sat on the edge of a box car with my legs hanging over the side. The train was unable to move and two cars were cut off to lighten it. It then ran about a mile out of Petersburg and stalled, and then ran back to Petersburg and cut off every car except the one I was on, which happened to be a mail car for Grant's army. We reached Burdetteville that night and had to walk eight miles around the high bridge to reach Farmville, the bridge having been partially burned. At Farmville we slept on the station platform and on the next day we started for Lynchburg, but could not go all the way because the road was broken again, and we had to walk through the country some eight or ten miles before we could get into Lynchburg. Being a part of the Lynchburg regiment, we were grandly treated when we did get there.

"That night we again slept on the station platform, preparatory to making our last run up the mountain, where old Christiansburg nestled. We found the road cut so that we had to walk up the mountain, fourteen miles. I had been used to walking for four long years, and walking was a very small matter with me—besides, I wanted to get home—I wanted to get home! I got right out in the middle of the road and went just as fast as my legs could carry me up the mountain. I beat the stage for twelve miles—a four-horse stage—and got into Christiansburg before the stage was emptied. My father was there making inquiries about me; but I did not know it. I kept right on in the middle of the street until I got home and began to knock, knock, knock on the doors and windows—nobody seemed to be there. I wondered what in the world had happened—had the Yankees come in there and taken my father and driven my mother and sisters away! At last father called to me from the alley; and he was a happy man that night that I had gotten back unhurt. He explained that my mother, wife, and sisters were at Yellow Sulphur Springs, and that I could go out there the next morning. I lay down to rest with the feeling that the Lord had preserved me from the dangers of war and that I would keep the promise I had made him to be his servant thenceforth, and in my weak way I have tried to keep that promise, which has largely affected my life since then."

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

One of the fiery spirits of the Revolution, and one which is synonymous with the "Spirit of '76," was Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts. Needless to say he signed the Declaration of Independence.

The colony of Massachusetts was most affected by trade restrictions, and she was the first to move in protest. The Assembly had a spirited leader in Samuel Adams, who was the author of several protests to king and parliament. He also wrote a circular letter which the Assembly sent to other colonies, suggesting that coöperation was essential in a cause which affected all of the continent.

The famous "Boston Massacre" occurred March 5, 1770. Two soldiers were attacked and beaten by townsmen, and a dangerous spirit was aroused. Another, struck with a stick, discharged his musket without orders, and the mob rushed

(Continued on page 77.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

Sleep on awhile, you quiet throng;
Soon will you hear a rising song,
Your pulses beat to stir.
Then comrades faithful, strong, and free
United once again to be
A radiant, deathless soldiery.

No trumpet note to sound retr. at
No bitter sense of hard defeat.
Beyond the borderland.
A surety of duty done
At close of day, at rise of sun,
Awaits your faithful band.

And here no shock of cruel wars
Can jar upon your deafened ears,
No victory urge you on.
No bugle call to wake to fears
No laughter stir you, and no tears.
Just rest. Your battles lost—yet won.

COL. W. M. MOORE.

Col. W. M. Moore, born September 30, 1837, in Harrison County, Ky., died at his home in Cynthiana, Ky., on December 25, 1927. His parents moved to Missouri when he was two years old, but in 1882 he returned to his native county in Kentucky. He was married twice—first to Miss Fannie Garnett, and his second wife was Miss Rosa Fry. He leaves three daughters, with whom he made his home in Cynthiana. Comrade Moore enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in 1861 and was in active service more than four years, with the exception of the times he was recovering from wounds. He was elected captain of Company A, 10th Missouri Infantry, and served as such until the death of the colonel and lieutenant colonel, who were both killed in the same battle. Being the senior captain, he was promoted to colonel and served as such until the end. He participated in many battles and skirmishes under Sterling Price and other commanders, and refused a commission as brigadier general because he preferred to remain with his own command.

Colonel Moore was a gallant soldier, an honorable gentleman, a good citizen, and a sincere Christian, a member of the Baptist Church. He was honored and respected by the whole community and loved by his friends and Confederate comrades. He was elected to the offices of sheriff and representative in the Missouri legislature after the war and was representative of his county (Harrison) in the Kentucky legislature in the years 1889 and 1891. He was a trustee of the Kentucky Confederate Home for several years, until he was disabled by a fall. He was a most interesting conversationalist, with a remarkable memory, and was always patient and cheerful under his affliction. He will be greatly missed by his family, friends, and Confederate comrades.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

After a brief illness, J. C. Williams died at the home of his son near Lewisville, Tex., on December 4, 1927, aged eighty-seven years. He was born at Selma, Ala., February 29, 1840, and moved to Mississippi in 1859, locating at Montrose. He enlisted in the Confederate service at Garlandville in 1861, serving with Company I, 20th Mississippi Regiment, Adams' Brigade, Loring's Division, Johnston's Army, and took part in several hard-fought battles; was in the battle of Richmond Hill, after which he was sent to Fort Donelson, where he was captured and sent to Camp Douglas Prison and held there for eight months, being exchanged in September, 1862. He afterwards joined Johnston at Jackson, Miss., and was in the siege of Vicksburg, the battles of New Hope Church, Big Sandy, and at Franklin, Tenn., and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

Comrade Williams was known as a faithful friend to all with whom he came in contact, and he will be greatly missed. He was a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a member of Sul Ross Camp, U. C. V., at Denton, Tex. This comrade will be remembered as the one who walked from Dallas, Tex., to Macon, Ga., in 1912, at the age of seventy-two, the distance being over nine hundred miles.

Surviving him are a son and three daughters, also several grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

[W. M. McCreless, Lewisville, Tex.]

WILLIAM M. NEWMAN.

William M. Newman was born in Washington County, Tex., February 27, 1845, and he answered the call of his Master on the morning of December 14, 1927. Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church of Santa Anna, Tex.

William M. Newman enlisted in the Confederate army on July 28, 1863, and, serving in Company C, 20th Texas Regiment, was discharged on May 24, 1865, and returned home. He was married to Miss Ida R. Smith in 1884, by William Carey Crane, who, at that time, was president of Baylor University.

He trusted Jesus Christ as his Saviour in early manhood, and to his Lord he was ever faithful.

"Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly known, spent the first forty-five years of his life in the home where he was born, moving to Coleman County, Tex., near Santa Anna, in 1890, where he lived for thirty-seven years.

He possessed some wonderful traits of character and was possessed with splendid talent. He was a patient sufferer for over seven years, and bore all with patience, making his surroundings pleasant to those about him.

Surviving him are five children, twenty-one grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

JAMES FRANCIS POU, SR.

A greatly beloved and honored citizen was lost to Waynesboro and Wayne County, Miss., in the death of Dr. J. F. Pou, Sr., which occurred on the 20th day of October. Dr. Pou was a native of Wayne County, belonging to one of the prominent families of East Mississippi. Two elder brothers having given their lives for the Confederacy, James F. Pou, at the age of seventeen years, enrolled in the 24th Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., remaining in the service until the close of the War between the States.

After the war, he took a medical course at Tulane University, and, after graduating there, he returned to Wayne County, where he was a successful and esteemed physician for more than forty years. He was laid to rest in the beautiful Hebron Cemetery, lovingly attended by his comrades, family, and friends.

COL. J. W. GORDON, U. C. V.

Col. John Wotton Gordon, Confederate veteran and one of the most prominent men in the fire insurance business in the State of Virginia, died on January 5, at his home, "Huntly," near Richmond. He was eighty years old.

Colonel Gordon had been active in business until last July when his physical condition became impaired and he had been confined to his bed.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Annie Laurie Pender, of Tarboro, N. C., three daughters, and several grandchildren.

Colonel Gordon was born in Hertford, Perquimans County, N. C., on March 25, 1847, the son of George B. and Elizabeth Ann Jones Gordon, and he was the eldest of six children.

He was reared on his father's plantation, Sombresylve, and under his father's tutelage and at a private school he was prepared for college. He was only fourteen years old when the War between the States began, but entreated his parents for permission to join the army. This request refused, he was allowed to attend the Military Academy, at Hillsboro, N. C. Returning to his home in the latter part of 1862, he informed his parents of his intention to volunteer as a soldier. At Raleigh he was offered a lieutenant's commission to drill infirmity recruits. He preferred the cavalry, however, and desired to go to the front, and in January, 1863, he mounted his pet mare and rode off to the war, enlisting as a private in Company C, 2nd North Carolina Cavalry.

On June 9, 1863, in the engagement at Brandy Station, he was disabled by two wounds and taken prisoner. He was confined in the Price-Street hospital, Alexandria, Va., and the Capitol Prison, Washington, for ten weeks, after which he was exchanged.

Soon after reëntering the service, he was made a corporal, and was later promoted to a sergeantcy. Subsequently he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of first lieutenant, on the staff of Gen. W. P. Roberts.

Several times he was detailed to important and dangerous duty. From the day of his enlistment until the close of the war, he did not miss a day's duty, save when he was wounded and a prisoner of war. He participated in numerous important engagements.

At the close of the war—he was then eighteen—he found his father penniless, and set out to support the family. For two years he engaged in farming and later taught school. In 1871 he entered the fire insurance business in Wilmington, N. C. He moved to Richmond in 1879, continuing in the fire insurance business. He had been on the vestry of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and was a member of the Westmoreland Club, the Country Club of Virginia, and Dove Lodge, No. 51, A. F. and A. M.; and he was a Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, was on the Board of Visitors of the Confederate Home, a member of its executive committee, and chairman of its application committee.

Colonel Gordon was general chairman of the Confederate reunion in Richmond in 1907 and was active in the movement to erect the Stuart monument.

EDWARD T. BRUMBACK

Edward T. Brumback died at his home near Ida, Page County, Va., in the latter part of November 1927, aged eighty-seven years. He served with John S. Mosby's command in the War between the States. He was president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Stanley, Va., and a prosperous farmer. His wife and five children survive him.

EZRA BOWERS.

Ezra Bowers, born in Virginia, March 31, 1841, died on December 26, 1927, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. A. Fleming, Sutton, W. Va.



MR. BOWERS AND GRANDCHILD.

He was united in marriage to Miss Anna Bumbaugh, of Virginia, in 1866, and their married life lacked but ten days of being sixty years, her death occurring in May, 1927. He was a consistent member of the Christian Church for a period of fifty-five years.

Ezra Bowers enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, through which he served to the end under Capt. John Myers, Company C, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade. He was wounded three times,

the scars of which were borne as badges of honor. He attended the reunions regularly and always looked forward to the time in joyful anticipation, and of those of the past he held memories sweet and sacred. After the death of his wife, he made his home with his only daughter, and at Sutton it was his pleasant experience to find himself neighbor to six other aged gentlemen, each having reached more than the allotted time of threescore and ten years. Soon there grew among them an inseparable and immaculate friendship. There was daily social intercourse, a privilege flowered with beauty as the life of man fades in years. At the daughter's home, where the body lay in state, these six old comrades sat around his casket "on guard," for one of their number had received his final roll call. They gave their tributes thus: "He was my friend"; "He was truly a gentleman"; "His was the culture and loyalty of the old school"; "He was a Virginian to the last."

Although suffering intense pain, he never failed to accept the slightest service with his charming, courtly, old-timed Virginia manner. He was indeed one of nature's noblemen—intellectual, generous, courtly.

After a brief service at the home, his body was taken to his loved Virginia to be placed beside that of the sweetheart and companion of his earlier days. Thus the long gray line of march has been shortened by the death of one whose life we held in sincerity of respect and honor.

[Mrs. James E. Cutlip, President Capt. Edwin Camden Chapter, U. D. C., Sutton, W. Va.]

CHIEF SAMUEL D. MAYES.

On December 12, 1927, death claimed one of our best-loved veterans, Chief Samuel Houston Mayes. He was ex-chief of the Cherokees, and lived in Pryor, Okla. His death marked the passing of one of the Cherokees' most colorful figures.

After the War between the States, he became a leader in his tribal councils, and until recent years had been one of the strongest figures in Cherokee affairs. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years, and served with Company K, 2nd Cherokee Regiment. He served until the end of the war, and was discharged on Red River, Choctaw Nation, April, 1865. He was born in the Indian Territory, Flint District, Cherokee Nation, May 11, 1845, and was eighty-three years old. His wife, two sons, and one daughter mourn his passing, together with the local Chapter, U. D. C., to which he was very dear.

DR. S. T. HARDISON.

JOHN W. WHITE.

The death of Dr. Samuel T. Hardison on the night of December 31, 1927, at Lewisburg, Tenn., marked the loss of one of the most useful, valuable, and universally beloved citizens who ever lived in Marshall County and brought sorrow to many devoted friends throughout this Middle Tennessee section.

The immense concourse of friends at the funeral services was an eloquent tribute to the community's love for a fallen leader and benefactor.

Out of respect to his memory, the quarterly county court adjourned during the hour of the funeral, the schools were closed, and all business was suspended.

Born February 13, 1841, Dr. Hardison would soon have been eighty-seven years of age, but his long span of temperate living spared him the usual infirmities of old age and he was active until his last illness of seven weeks. Before the outbreak of the war, Dr. Hardison had chosen the medical profession for his life's work and promptly volunteered his services as a surgeon in the Southern army. He served throughout the war with the 24th Tennessee Infantry. Immediately after the war, he finished his medical course at the University of Nashville, returning to Marshall County to begin his practice. In 1867 he was married to Miss Georgia Ann Davidson, of Bedford County, and this happy union lasted until her death in December, 1920. With the exception of a single year, Dr. Hardison lived in the same residence his entire married life, and few homes were more widely known for their hospitality and attendant virtues than the Hardison home in the suburbs of Lewisburg.

In the practice of his profession, Dr. Hardison traveled thousands of miles on horseback and is believed to have performed the first operation for appendicitis in Tennessee. In the absence of modern scientific advantages, the operation was performed under a peach tree at the patient's home. Many other outstanding incidents in his life are worthy of note. At least three generations have benefited by his professional services.

Dr. Hardison was an active leader and infallible counselor in all movements for community uplift. With his own means, he built the first electric light plant and the first ice plant in the town of Lewisburg. He was the first man to sign the guarantee of right of way for the Lewisburg-Northern Railroad. He assisted in organizing and was president of the first bank launched in Lewisburg, was president of the first national bank founded in his town, and was chairman of the board of directors. For more than half a century he was chairman of the county school board, and his advice was sought in practically every community undertaking. A man of unusually high intellectual attainments, he possessed a vast fund of information and was capable of giving sound advice on practically any subject.

Dr. Hardison probably wielded the strongest influence in the work of the Christian Church. He was the soul of honor, a man of strong convictions and moral courage, tolerant, kind, and considerate. He was a Bible student, and in the pulpit a powerful exponent of the gospel; but his life was his master sermon and one that yielded an inspiration to posterity. In every walk of life, his presence and influence will be missed. He was president of the Tennessee Orphan Home, and a staunch contributor of his time and means to the welfare of that institution. He lived modestly and temperately, practiced charity, and otherwise discharged every obligation that he conceived to be the mission of man.

John William White, long a resident of Wood County, W. Va., and a respected citizen of Parkersburg, died at his home there on October 20, 1927, at the age of eighty-five years. He was born at Harris Ferry, Wood County, August 29, 1842, on the farm owned by his maternal great-grandfather, his parents being William and Frances Elizabeth Mitchell White.

When war was declared between the States, young White enlisted under Gen. Albert G. Jenkins, Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry, and served the duration of the war, twenty months of the time being spent in prison, three months at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, and seventeen months at Rockville, Ill. He was exchanged as a prisoner of war to Richmond, Va., and while there General Lee surrendered. On being mustered out, he returned to this section, then engaged in the lumber business near Catlettsburg, Ky., where he was married, in 1867, to Miss Martha Ann Jackson, a happy union which lasted until her death a year or so ago.

To this union were born two sons and three daughters, who survive him. He is also survived by two sisters, also a number of nephews and nieces.

The New England Baptist Church was organized in this county while Mr. White was a small boy, and meetings were held for eight years at the home of his parents. He became a member when only eight years old and had been affiliated with that faith since then. He was a leading spirit in the Men's Bible class and never missed Sunday school or Church service when able to attend. His religion was a great consolation to him at all times, and his life was one of Christian influence and worthy of the highest respect. He was a loving husband and father and a kind neighbor, and was upright in all his dealings with his fellow man. After funeral services at the family residence, the burial was in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

GABRIEL LONG WILLIAMS.

At the age of ninety-three years, Gabriel Long Williams died at his home in Clarksville, Tenn., on January 3, from shock resulting from a fall and hip fracture a few days before. He was affectionately known as "Uncle Gabe," and his passing occasioned sorrow among a wide acquaintance.

Born October 15, 1834, in Warren County, N. C., Gabriel Williams came as an infant with his parents to Tennessee, by wagon over the mountains, and they settled in Montgomery County, near Noah's Spring; but he went back to North Carolina to finish his education, graduating from the University at Chapel Hill, and he was a member of the Philanthropic Literary Society of that school.

In 1861, young Williams joined the Confederate army and served with Morgan until his capture in 1863, after which he was imprisoned at Camp Douglas, Chicago, until the close of the war. After being paroled, he returned to the South and engaged in the mercantile business at Lafayette, Ky. He was married in 1867 to Miss August G. Morris, of Newstead, Ky., who died in 1918. He located in Clarksville, Tenn., in 1870, and became one of the leading business men of the section. He retired from business in 1901, but had been active in the life of the city and was one of its most widely known citizens. He had been identified with the Forbes Bivouac of Confederate soldiers there since its organization, and was the oldest member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. He is survived by a brother, Dr. Allison Williams, of Lafayette, Ky., and numerous nieces and nephews.

GOV. WILLIAM E. CAMERON.

Col. William E. Cameron, former governor of Virginia, gallant Confederate soldier, upright and honored citizen, now sleeps in Old Blandford Cemetery at Petersburg, Va. He died in January, 1927, at the home of his son, George V. Cameron, in Louisa, Va., at the age of eighty-four years. The funeral services were conducted by the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg.

Governor Cameron was the chief executive of Virginia from 1882 to 1886, and he had helped to mold Virginia history in the period just after the War between the States. He was born in Petersburg November 29, 1842, the son of Walker Anderson and Elizabeth Walker Cameron, and he was of that old Scottish line which came down from Sir Ewan Lochiel Cameron, celebrated chief of the Clan Cameron of Scotland. Educated in the schools of Petersburg, Horner's Military School in North Carolina, Washington College, St. Louis, he prepared for a cadetship at West Point, to which he was appointed in 1860, but he left there when war came on between the States. He first served as drillmaster for Mississippi troops, but later on returned to Virginia and joined Company A, 12th Virginia Regiment, taking part in the leading engagements of General Lee's Army, and was finally promoted to adjutant general of Weisiger's Virginia Brigade. He made a brilliant war record, and his career since the war had been no less brilliant. He entered journalism soon after the war, and edited papers at Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, and became noted for his ability in that line, and for his part in ridding the State of carpetbag dominion he became known as the fighting editor. In 1876 he was elected mayor of Petersburg, and twice reelected, and he took a prominent part thereafter in State politics. He was nominated for governor in 1881, served until 1886, and in 1901 was elected to the State constitutional convention. He served in many prominent interests of the State, political and civil, and always gave a good account of himself.

Governor Cameron was married in 1869 to Miss Louisa C. Egerton, of Petersburg, Va., and is survived by two sons and a daughter. A true gentleman, husband, father, and friend, he gave the best of himself for his beloved State, and he sleeps "in honored rest" in the quietude of Old Blandford.

ZENAS ALEXANDER.

Zenas Alexander, splendid citizen of Trigg County, Ky., passed away on the night of December 27 at his home near Caledonia, Ky., in his eighty-fifth year.

He was born in Trigg County on the 8th day of May, 1843. He had lived all his life in Trigg County.

At the age of eighteen he volunteered his services as a soldier in the Confederate army, and served with the 8th Kentucky Cavalry. Soon after enlisting he contracted pneumonia and was sent to Hopkinsville and cared for in an improvised hospital in a private residence. Within two weeks he returned to his outfit, scarcely able to walk. He was at the fall of Fort Donelson, near Dover, Tenn., under the command of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner at that time. He was finally wounded seriously and sent to a hospital at Jackson, Miss., where he remained for six months. His wounds were so serious that he was found to be incapacitated for further service, and he was honorably discharged.

Returning to Trigg County after the war, he settled down on the farm and spent the remainder of his life as a farmer and rearing a family.

He ever proved to be one of the county's outstanding citizens. With a high sense of honor, he lived the life he expected of others and was ever ready to stand for the right and

fight for the things he thought right. He was kind and companionable, a dutiful father and husband, a kind and accommodating neighbor, and a man held in highest esteem.

His wife, a daughter of the late Mark Jones, died twenty-five years ago, and he is survived by two sons and a daughter, also by one brother and three sisters.

Funeral services were held at Locust Grove Baptist Church with burial at the Mark Jones graveyard near by.

He was one of the bravest and most gallant of a band of as brave men as the world ever knew, and his passing away leaves but very few of his comrades of the days of war.

ENSIGN G. W. ALLEN.

At Atlanta, Ga., on December 15, 1927, occurred the death of G. W. Allen, at the age of eighty-nine years. He was born in Georgia on December 2, 1838, and thus lacked but a few days of completing his eighty-ninth year. He is survived by his wife, six sons, and a daughter.

At the outbreak of war between the States, young Allen enlisted in Company I, 1st Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, under Colonel Ramsey, of Columbus, Ga. He was wounded at Greenbrier, W. Va., captured, and sent to Camp Chase at Columbus, Ohio; when exchanged, he was sent to the hospital at Richmond, Va., where he recovered, and then enlisted in the 14th Alabama Regiment, then in Virginia, and served with Company A. He was wounded the second time at Chancellorsville, and, after his recovery, he rejoined the 14th Alabama, but was pronounced unfit for active service and was assigned to the Bureau of Conscription at Salem, Ala., reporting to Captain Lockert, at Girard, Ala.

In reporting his father's death, Mr. F. L. Allen, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "At the battle of Greenbrier, W. Va., my father was shot through and through, and the colors of his regiment were wrapped about him when captured. Wherever that flag is now, it is stained with his blood. When captured, he was pronounced mortally wounded and taken to Columbus, Ohio. Here covered from that wound, however, and in a very bad condition was exchanged. The second wound disabled his left arm (I have the bullet which was taken from his shoulder), and it so remained until his death. . . . I do not hesitate to say that my father was of the highest type of manhood—a faithful husband, a devoted father, a loyal friend. He loved the simple life, and his length of days was the result of the life he led. He is camping now on the heavenly shore, awaiting the coming of those he loved to be joined eternally with the blest."

JAMES L. KIRKPATRICK.

James L. Kirkpatrick, one of the last Confederates of Rockbridge County, Va., died in the month of December, 1927. He served as a trooper in Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and made a record honored by his comrades. He was wounded in the leg at the battle of Monocacy, Md.

Comrade Kirkpatrick had attained the ripe age of ninety years, having been born in the neighborhood in which he died on April 8, 1837. His last years were of great infirmity and for two years he had been blind. He was tenderly cared for by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Pleasants Kirkpatrick, widow of Ralph Kirkpatrick, and in the same spirit by the people of the whole neighborhood in which he lived. He was a communicant of Bethany Lutheran Church, and he was buried in the churchyard there.

James Kirkpatrick was a son of Charles Kirkpatrick. He married Miss Sallie Lindsay, and shortly afterwards moved to Kentucky, where he spent ten years. Two sons and their mother preceded him to the grave.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following members of Camp R. G. Pruitt, No. 439, U. C. V., of Ackerman, Miss., died during the past year:

Comrade D. E. Ray died April 2, 1927, aged about eighty-four years. He was a member of Company I, of that famous 15th Mississippi Infantry. He was a true soldier for his country during those days that tried men's souls. After the war he was equally as true a follower of his Lord and Master. He was loved by all who knew him. His place will be hard to fill in his Church (the Methodist) and neighborhood. He was one of the most loyal members of R. G. Pruitt Camp.

Comrade W. A. Moss died May 8, 1927, aged about eighty-nine. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a good man. He was a man of the highest Christian type, honest and upright in his dealings with his fellow man. Truly a good citizen is gone in his passing.

B. H. Blain died September 1, 1927.

D. C. Moss died November 20, 1927.

W. C. Coleman died November 23, 1927. Comrade Coleman was a member of Company G, 20th Mississippi Regiment. He was a good soldier during the war and was true and faithful to his every duty to his home and country after the war.

Peace be to their ashes.

Thus it will be seen that we have lost five veterans during 1927, and it leaves only sixteen or seventeen in the county.

[J. A. Holmes, Adjutant.]

HENRY O. BRITTON.

Henry Orr Britton, one of the best known men in Williamsburg County, S. C., died at his home in Kingstree, S. C., November 17, 1927, after a long illness. He was born in this county on August 15, 1846, the son of Capt. Thomas Nelson and Rebecca Gordon Britton. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate army and served in Company E, 7th South Carolina Battalion, until the close of the war. Following this, he served the county as clerk of court for four terms of four years each, and had since occupied himself with farming, making his home in Kingstree.

During the World War Comrade Britton served on the local exemption board. He was chairman of the Confederate Honor Roll for Williamsburg County and was always present at Memorial Day services to call the roll of the thinning band of Confederate veterans. He served as deacon of the Williamsburg Presbyterian Church for many years and to the end.

Henry Britton married, at an early age, Miss Mary Caroline Ford, of Georgetown. Only one of their three children, a daughter, survives him.

His second wife was Miss Mary Daniel, of Indiantown, who survives him, with three sons and a daughter; also five grandchildren and two sisters are left. Interment was in the Williamsburg Cemetery at Kingstree.

HORATIO H. SEXTON.

At the age of eighty-four years, Horatio H. Sexton died at the home of his son in Huntington, W. Va., on December 16, after a short illness. He was born and reared in Cabell County, where he had lived until a few years ago.

During the War between the States, Comrade Sexton served with Company E, 8th Virginia Cavalry—Border Rangers. In an engagement at Jonesville, Tenn., on January 3, 1864, he received wounds from which he never fully recovered.

On November 20, 1863, he was married to Miss Mary E.

Nelson, who died some years ago. He is survived by four sons and two daughters. Interment was in the Maupin Cemetery, near Ona, his old home.

D. S. HOWELL.

On October 8, the spirit of D. S. Howell had passed from the walks of earthly light into the life eternal.

D. S. Howell was born in Tuscaloosa County, Ala., October 11, 1846, and the next year his parents moved to Mississippi, then to Clark County, Ark. The family being strong secessionists, and Daniel being a very patriotic lad, he wanted to join the first company made up in his town, but, being only fifteen years old, his parents objected. Soon afterwards he ran away, without a coat, landing eight miles east of Sherman, Tex., where he fell in with a Dr. J. C. Smith, and volunteered as his substitute in the 2nd Texas Cavalry, Townsend's Brigade. This command was cut to pieces in the battle of Shiloh, after which it was ordered to Velasco, Tex., for picket duty.

In March, 1864, the command was reorganized, and young Howell was assigned to Company A., Ballard's Regiment, Henry McCullough's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

He was a brave and courageous soldier, taking part in all engagements of his company until surrendered in 1865. Returning home, he made a good citizen.

In 1867 he married Miss Susan Allen and settled near Wallaceburg, where he lived for thirty years.

In 1897 he located near Brownwood, Tex., from there he went to Trent, in Taylor County, his wife dying in 1901. To this worthy family were born six sons and four daughters. Comrade Howell was converted in early life and joined the Baptist Church, in which he was a deacon for over thirty years. He was warm-hearted, honest, and true, and his good deeds will be long remembered. He was laid to rest in Merkel Cemetery.

JAMES F. ANTHONY.

James F. Anthony, born near Tullahoma, Tenn., in the year 1846, died at his home in Bellbuckle, Tenn., December 14, 1927, in his eighty-second year. His father, William Horatio Anthony, was a Confederate chaplain during the War between the States, and his three elder brothers served in the Confederate army throughout the war.

As the fourth son, he was left at home to care for his invalid mother, but at the age of seventeen he enlisted and served in Company B, 28th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, under Capt. Reed Holmes.

After the war, he engaged in farming, married, and reared a family of three sons and three daughters. For a period of several years, he had made his home in Bellbuckle, Tenn. He was a valued and faithful member of Shelbyville Camp, U. C. V., and also a lifelong member of the Methodist Church. The day before he passed away, he said to his daughter: "I don't think anything could be nicer for the old soldier than to lie in my casket with my hands folded above my uniform of gray, for I love and cherish what that old uniform stands for."

With the Cross of Honor pinned upon his breast, and in his uniform and casket of Confederate gray, he was laid to rest in the beautiful country cemetery near where he had lived his entire life. He was a faithful reader of the VETERAN, and always attended the gatherings of comrades, having missed only one reunion (that in Tulsa) since the organization met in Nashville.

[A daughter, Cora Lee Munsey.]

PETER BROY.

Peter Broy, eighty-six years old, died on the 8th of December at Brand, Va., following a short illness. His passing occasioned much sorrow in the county, where he was well known. He had never married, but lived with his brother, Andrew Broy, all his life, and this brother is now the last of a large family connection. The two brothers farmed and merchandized together.

Comrade Broy went into the Confederate army with the Dixie Artillery, under Capt. John K. Booton, in 1861, and his battery took part in the two hours' cannonading preceding Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He served his gun until exhausted, and was then relieved by a comrade for a short rest, and they continued the exchange through the ordeal. He was a faithful member of Rosser-Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., at Luray, Va., and his comrades loved and esteemed him.

Peter Broy was born July 9, 1841, and had thus passed into his eighty-seventh year.

[P. M. Kaufman, Luray, Va.]

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN IN THE NORTH.

There recently died in Minneapolis, Minn., a veteran of the Southern Confederacy who had gone into that Northern country after the war and made a place for himself among the big business interests of that section. A letter has come from Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, former Commander in Chief, G. A. R., full of that spirit of friendliness which makes us all one. Of this one-time enemy, he says:

"Last Saturday I attended the funeral of B. F. Nelson, of Minneapolis, who was a Confederate soldier. He was a very prominent citizen of this city, universally liked and respected, and a warm personal friend of mine. His departure leaves a vacant place in my circle of friends, and I think he was the last of the Confederate soldiers who took up a residence in Minnesota. I send you some newspaper clippings which will indicate how prominent and useful and honored a citizen he was. At the close of his pastor's address, I was called upon to lay a flower upon the breast of my friend and to express the friendly feeling that existed between those who were at one time arrayed against each other in deadly strife. It was a beautiful service throughout. The Church is a very strong and influential one, with an audience room that was filled with the friends of the deceased, and it was a great privilege for me to be permitted to pay tribute to a noble character and to a man of unusual kindness and goodness of heart."

Benjamin Franklin Nelson was born in Greenup County, Ky., on May 4, 1843, the tenth child in a family of eleven. The home was a log house, and the father was a farm hand at fifty cents per day, so there was little chance for schooling for the children, and Benjamin rarely had more than three months of it each year. But he was ambitious, had a good taste in reading, and took his part in community debates, and once carried off the honors.

When the war came on, the family was living at Vanceburg, on the Ohio River. Like many other youths of that section, young Nelson wanted to join the cavalry. He equipped himself with horse and gun, pistols and saber, and served with Forrest and then under Morgan; he was with Morgan in his biggest battle, Chickamauga. He was captured by the Federals and taken to Camp Douglas and held until the end of the war. He then decided to go North, being attracted by what he heard of the timber lands of Minnesota, and he reached the village of St. Anthony, now Minneapolis, in September, 1868, with just one dollar in his pocket. He got work

at rafting logs, and later chopped cordwood, hauled logs with an ox-team, sawed shingles, cut logs out of the ice—anything that would help him on the road to independence. He went into the lumber business and built up a great industry; and later became interested in other businesses connected with that, and at the time of his death he was one of the highest officers in some six or more industries and banks. He was also interested in agriculture and owned two handsome farms in Minnesota, where he raised fine cattle and other live stock.

Comrade Nelson was a 32nd degree Mason and Shriner, and a member of Minneapolis clubs. He died on January 14, at the age of eighty-five, survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

"CORPORAL" JAMES TANNER.

One of the most picturesque figures among Federal veterans was Corporal James Tanner, who became widely known as Commissioner of Pensions under the administration of President Harrison and of late years served as Register of Wills for the District of Columbia. His death on October 2, 1927, takes another friend of the VETERAN on the other side, for he had long been a subscriber and was a personal friend of the late editor. As a young soldier in the battle of Second Manassas, Corporal Tanner was so severely wounded that both legs had to be amputated, and it was months before he recovered; he was then given a place in the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, and so served to the end. Though his life since the war had been an active one, and he had held many positions of prominence, it was despite continuous suffering from his wounds, of which the *Washington Post* says:

"The life of 'Corporal' Tanner from the moment his legs were shattered at Bull Run until death came to his relief this week, was one long agony of physical pain. He suffered for a period almost as long as the allotted life of man; and instead of becoming a misanthrope or a burden upon others, he performed more than a man's work and gave bountifully from his inexhaustible stock of public spirit and optimism. Every encampment of the Grand Army found him answering the roll call. His contributions to the welfare of his old comrades were innumerable, thanks to his eloquence and generosity.

"For many years Mr. Tanner was a resident of Washington, as Commissioner of Pensions and later as Register of Wills. He conducted his office with a fidelity worthy of a soldier who had suffered a living death for the flag. Changes of administration did not touch him. All Presidents were delighted to honor the Grand Army in honoring him. In the meantime, he rendered public service in many directions, notably in the Red Cross. His warm sympathies made him a friend of the unfortunate, and his courage caused him to fight, whenever necessary, in their behalf."

Those who served in the ranks of either army know what it is to suffer from wounds and sickness under such conditions, and most readily honor one who has triumphed over such handicaps and made of his life a record of accomplishment. Corporal Tanner was Past Commander, G. A. R., and had been invited to the South on different occasions to address gatherings of Confederate soldiers, and he was noted for his broadmindedness in paying tribute to those against whom he had fought in the days of war.

May he rest in peace!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
186 Bethlehem Pike
MRS. MADGE D. BURNEY, Waynesboro, Miss. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*
MISS MARY L. G. WHITE, Nashville, Tenn. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. L. U. Babin, Official Editor, 903 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, La.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: For the many greetings that came from members, Chapters, and Divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to make this a merry Christmas and a happy New Year for your President General, I am indeed most grateful, and my wish for you is that your expressed wishes for my happiness may be returned to you a hundredfold and that you will make this the most prosperous year the organization has ever known.

Mention was made in the January *VETERAN* of the committee appointed to represent the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the presentation of the statue of Alexander H. Stephens, Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., December 8, 1927. The ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling were most impressive, Mrs. Lane, the Second Vice President General, writes that she, as your representative, was accorded every possible courtesy. A wreath of galax leaves, fastened with red rosebuds and tied with the Confederate colors, was placed by her in your name.

This great Georgian, the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, statesman, distinguished author, orator; a seer, though a practical one; laboring always under the handicap of physical frailty, which seemed to increase his capacity for sympathy and desire to help others to a happiness which was never vouchsafed him. Ever giving of himself as well of his bounty to the sick, the unfortunate, the poor, all those who asked his assistance.

He provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women. How he would have rejoiced in the educational activities of the United Daughters of the Confederacy!

The minutes of the Atlanta convention, 1908, show the entire assets of the general organization to the credit of education as one scholarship in Teachers' College, Columbia University. This was awarded for the first time for the session of 1908-09, the successful applicant being Miss Armida Moses, of South Carolina, now Mrs. Arthur Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va. (our chairman of the University Prize for Confederate Essay). Reports from Divisions read at this convention evidenced the interest of many States in education.

At this time the great memorial projects were either completed or well in hand, and as a consequence the education of descendants of Confederate soldiers began to occupy the minds of the leaders of the organization and to enter into their plans for the future.

In the revision of the constitution made at this convention, we find that one of the six standing committees provided for was that of Education. Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of

Charleston, S. C., was the first chairman. Her successors have been earnest, devoted women, who have consecrated themselves to this work.

To-day the General U. D. C. has: 100 tuition scholarships, value, \$11,000; 11 gift scholarships, value, \$3,300; 24 loan scholarships, value, \$3,000.

In addition to these Divisions have scholarships and loans to the value of \$74,608.

That the organization is building for the future is shown by the endowment funds that have been raised in the past ten years. The total endowment for the General United Daughters of the Confederacy is \$89,916. Endowment funds in the Divisions total \$85,613, making a grand total of \$175,529.

The general Education Committee holds many valuable scholarships that were not used in 1927. Was this due to a lack of publicity? Surely there are many boys and girls of Confederate lineage who would be glad to avail themselves of thus materially decreasing their college expenses if they knew of these scholarships that may be secured with very little effort. The annual education Circular will be ready for distribution March 1. This will contain a list of all scholarships that will be for award 1928-29. Anyone interested may obtain a copy by making request of the chairman of the Committee, Mrs. R. D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.

The Stationery Committee, Mrs. D. Work, chairman, 1101 Main Street, Durant, Okla., with Mrs. D. J. Carter, Illinois, Mrs. R. C. Chesley, Massachusetts, Mrs. Forrest Farley, Texas, Mrs. John D. Taylor, Missouri, are now in a position to fill orders for stationery promptly.

The attention of the Chapters is directed to Article VII Section 2, of the by-laws, reading, in part: "Each Chapter shall, on or before the first day of March, pay into the General Treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the annual per capita fee of twenty cents for every member, together with a typed list of each member for whom the per capita tax is paid."

Please note carefully the last clause in above: "Together with a typed list of each member for whom the per capita tax is paid."

The chairman of the Credential Committee has sent all Division Treasurers, and Chapters in States where there are no Divisions, blanks for their convenience in making these typed lists.

The Division Treasurers are requested to send these blanks to the Chapters in sufficient quantity for their need. It will greatly facilitate the work of the Treasurer General, the Registrar General, the Division Treasurer, and the Credential Committee, as well as decrease the work of the Chapter Treasurer if the by-law is complied with absolutely and the typed list of members sent with the per capita tax.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the last day of the old year, the sad tidings came that our beloved friend and coworker, Honorary President of the organization, Mrs. W. D. Mason, of Philadelphia, had joined the Choir Invisible in the "land beyond the sky line, where the great roads go down." Belonging to the generation renowned for the gentleness, culture, dignity, and refinement of its ladies, she exemplified in a most beautiful manner and in the highest degree these qualities and lived among us a well-nigh perfect type of the Master's greatest handiwork, a Southern gentlewoman. She will remain with us, for "only the forgotten are dead."

Very cordially,

MAUDE MERCHANT.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—At the thirty-fourth general convention, held at Charleston, S. C., in November, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, was given national honor by being made Honorary President of this great organization. Mrs. Crenshaw is widely known for her philanthropies and benefactions. She is a leader in the religious and cultured life of Montgomery. She has served her State Division as President, as Treasurer, and in various phases with great efficiency, and is also chairman of the Confederate Home Committee.

Of peculiar interest at the general convention was the presentation by Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Chairman of the Insignia Committee, of a book, recently published, containing the records of thirty-three Alabama boys of Confederate ancestry who served throughout the world war and who received the Military Cross of Service.

The December meeting of the Sophia Bibb Chapter, at Montgomery, was with Mrs. Lea Virgin Wosters, who gave a résumé of the general convention in Charleston, S. C. Recognition was given the fact that Mrs. Crenshaw was made an Honorary Life President during the Charleston convention. Plans were perfected to present a life-sized painting of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, to the handsome hotel, now under construction in this city, which will bear his name.

An interesting paper on "Emma Sansom" was read by Mrs. Jack Lovett. Mrs. Warren Jones was presented with a silver goblet in recognition of her work as chairman of the finance committee.

Mrs. T. F. Stephens was appointed publicity chairman.

Oneonta Chapter meets regularly and is doing good work. On "Pension Day" the veterans were entertained at dinner. Programs have been on Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. Kelly Ingram's birthday and Armistice Day were observed at the high school by a large number of children.

The Bibb Grey Chapter, Centerville, met at the home of Mrs. J. E. James, the Chapter President, Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, presiding.

The program on "Alabama Day" was as follows: Mrs. W. W. Lavender read a paper on Alabama under the French flag, Mrs. C. E. Hornsby, Alabama under the British flag, Mrs. Murray Head, Alabama in the Confederacy, and Mrs. Howard Cleveland, Alabama of to-day. Readings on Alabama were given by Mrs. W. L. Pratt and Mrs. R. C. Goodson, and the songs, "Alabama" and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" were sung.

A Christmas gift of money was sent to the veterans in the Home.

At Uniontown, Mrs. J. H. White, Sr., was hostess to the Canebreak Rifle Guards at the November meeting. Mrs. P. P. Yarbrough was appointed chairman of the publicity com-

mittee. The literary study was "The Early History of Alabama," which was interestingly conducted by Mrs. Yarbrough.

John T. Morgan Chapter, of Talladega, held its December meeting at the home of Mrs. Ella Huey. December 14 being Alabama's one hundred and eighth birthday, an interesting program was given—a paper on "Alabama Day," a piano solo, "Ripples of the Alabama," and other beautiful poems and songs were read. A silver offering for local veterans for Christmas was taken. The William Burr Chapter, C. of C., also observed Alabama Day with a splendid program. Talks on the lives of Miss Julia Tutwiler and John T. Morgan, who received part of his education at Talladega, were of much interest.

Tuscaloosa's fifty loyal daughters of R. E. Rhodes Chapter gathered for their December meeting at the lovely home of Mrs. E. M. Stringfellow. After the usual business session, the Daughters enjoyed a splendid full report on the general convention by their most beloved delegate, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., who told of the business sessions, the social affairs, and of the pleasure experienced in meeting so many wonderful Southern women.

Mrs. W. E. Latham gave an interesting synopsis of the Alabama convention. "Dixie" was sung by the audience, after which a social hour was enjoyed, while dainty refreshments were served.

[State Editor, Mrs. Annie Forney Dauge, Jacksonville, Ala.]

* * *

Georgia.—The annual convention of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met in the historic little city of Covington on October 25-29.

The opening session was presided over by Mrs. Trox Bankston, President of the hostess Chapter, and by Mrs. McKenzie, State President, this being an evening of welcome. Practically every civic and patriotic organization in the city was represented on this program, each adding a cordial word of greeting to the guests. In fact, the entire city of Covington, with its decorations of Confederate flags, its bright sunshine, and its lovely flowers had already voiced a word of welcome to the guests even before the session opened.

The first business session was held on Wednesday morning, when many splendid reports were heard from State officers, State chairmen, and Chapter Presidents. The report of the President was heard with greatest interest, being a résumé of the work done by the Georgia Division during the second and final year of her administration.

The Georgia Division has cause to be proud of the splendid work done by each Chapter as reported through the Chapter Presidents and State chairmen. The work done by the Chapters along historical lines, the marking of Confederate graves, the aid given to needy Confederate veterans, and educational work are to be especially commended. The Georgia Daughters are doing all in their power "to keep alive the sacred flame," and "to right the wrongs of history." The absence of Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian for Life, on account of her illness, and of Miss Lillie Martin, Assistant Historian, owing to the critical illness of her mother, was the source of much regret.

Wednesday evening was given over to the educational work of the Chapters. Among the institutions in which the Georgia Division is especially interested is the Alexander Stephens Memorial School at Crawfordville, the Winnie Davis Memorial at the Georgia Teachers' College at Athens, and the Francis S. Bartow Memorial at Rabun Gap, Nacoochee School.

On Historical Evening, the principal address was made by Dr. S. V. Sanford, Dean of the University of Georgia. A large number of prizes and trophies were presented to the successful contestants at the closing session. Mrs. McKenzie, the retiring President, was presented with a beautiful Past President's pin as a token of love and appreciation of her loyal service during the past two years.

On Thursday the following officers were elected and installed: President, Mrs. Trox Bankston, of Covington; First Vice President, Mrs. H. O. Ball, of Jackson; Second Vice President, Mrs. I. Bashinski, of Dublin; Third Vice President, Mrs. W. H. McKenzie, of Montezuma; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Powell Cotter, of Barnesville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. E. Everett, of Covington; Registrar, Mrs. Newton Craig, of Augusta; Historian for Life, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens; Assistant Historian, Mrs. Kirby Smith Anderson, of Madison; Recorder of World War Crosses, Miss Lillian Henderson, of Atlanta; Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Miss Rebecca Black Dupont, of Savannah; Treasurer, Mrs. Julian Lane, of Statesboro; Editor, Mrs. J. J. Harris, of Sandersville; Auditor, Mrs. Charles Tillman, of Quitman.

Many delightful social affairs were given during the convention by the Covington U. D. C., the City of Covington, D. A. R., Woman's Club, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis Club, American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary, United Confederate Veterans, Parent-Teacher Association, and other organizations.

[Mrs. Lena Felker Lewis, State Chairman.]

* * *

Louisiana.—Recent activities in Louisiana U. D. C. are The usual annual Christmas dinner at the Confederate Home, "Camp Nicholls," of New Orleans, given by the Division to the Confederate veterans and their wives; a Christmas tree to the Confederate veterans of Baton Rouge by the Children of the Confederacy of both local Chapters; and the unveiling of a marker between Orleans and Jefferson Parishes, a gift from Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans.

It was a pleasure for many Louisiana Daughters to meet Mrs. J. P. Higgins, of St. Louis, Past Registrar General, while spending the holidays with her husband in this State, and conferring with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, of New Orleans, new Registrar General.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, State President, has asked her Division to concentrate on three lines of endeavor, as follows: More and better work for Confederate veterans, Children of the Confederacy organizations, and educational and historic work.

* * *

Maryland.—Baltimore Chapter No. 8 (Mrs. Henry J. Berkeley, President), held its annual celebration of the birthdays of Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson on January 19, at the War Memorial, his Excellency, Albert Ritchie, governor of Maryland, in attendance. A poem dedicated to General Lee was read by the Fourth Vice President, Miss Sally Washington Maupin (the author).

Our old veterans at Pikesville were well treated by Santa Claus. The E. V. White Chapter, of Frederick, sent five dollars to each. While Baltimore Chapter No. 8 furnished Christmas dinner and gave candy and small packages of tobacco, etc., to each veteran. The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter (Mrs. James Westcott, President) gave individual packages of tobacco, fruit, and candy.

The Joseph Wheeler Chapter, Mrs. Adelbert Mears, President, remembered the women in the Confederate Home of Baltimore, and members of Baltimore Chapter made them happy by gifts.

The Gen. Bradley T. Johnson Chapter also celebrated the birthdays of Lee and Jackson on January 23, and a Cross of Honor was bestowed.

* * *

North Carolina Division.—The North Carolina Division has as its State Editor for the coming year Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville.

Christmas at the Homes for Confederate veterans and Confederate women was an unusually joyous one, for every Chapter in the Division gave more generously than ever before, no old veteran or his widow being forgotten. Barrels of apples from the mountains and boxes of sea food from the coast were sent to these Confederate Homes, besides gifts innumerable. In this joyful work of bringing Christmas cheer and happiness to these old folks, the Daughters were assisted by the people all over the State. The visit of Santa Claus and their "trees" are looked forward to with keenest delight by these veterans of the sixties, who have hearts of youth. An appeal is never needed for these battle-scarred heroes. One of these old veterans said: "We are very proud that the State and the U. D. C. like us so much, and we want every one to know that we are remembered generously and that we can ask for nothing."

It was a joy to see these old men and women in their grateful and heart-felt enjoyment of the many thoughtful gifts at Christmas—easy chairs, bed-side rugs, screens, back rests, hospital tables, victrola records, soft cushions, games, books, and magazines. At each home the Children of the Confederacy did their part by singing carols and bringing happiness.

The North Carolina Division has begun 1928 with Mrs. Walter F. Woodard serving her second year as President. She has issued a most comprehensive and attractive "Calendar" to the Chapters, outlining the various activities of the Division to work for this year. For each month, specific calls are emphasized, beginning with a New Year's resolution, "Enrollment of new members."

The Division completed some of its objectives last year. Others have been added this year. Never in the history of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has there been greater need for earnest endeavor on behalf of the causes which this organization espouses. The Division President asks of every member to pledge herself anew to this labor of love and respond to these calls with gratification. The special call for February is made to Chapters for funds to build a memorial chapel at the Confederate Women's Home in Fayetteville, for this is a great need. It is hoped that work on this chapel will be begun during the spring.

The call for March is for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, as this Division has pledged \$500 for the year to this splendid work. While responding to many objects of Division work, the North Carolina "Daughters" have never failed to respond with great interest to the cause of the general organization. While the President stresses the care of the survivors of the War between the States as the first and foremost object of the Division, she calls the attention of the Daughters to a benevolence which appeals very strongly to every member—the bed at the Tubercular Sanatorium, where needy descendants of Confederate soldiers are given free treatment. It is a great humanitarian work, and this memorial is recorded in the sanatorium by a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription: "The North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, maintains a free bed in this institution—The Bessie Beall Reid bed."

Included in the Division President's calendar is a fine list of prizes offered for essays on historical subjects to members

of North Carolina Division and to the Children of the Confederacy, also prizes for Chapters and District reports and for registration, these to be awarded at the next annual convention of the Division.

The minutes of the last annual convention (held in October) came from the press very early, by the middle of January, and the Division feels a pardonable pride in the accomplishments recorded within these three hundred pages.

A meeting of the Executive Board and District Directors of the Division was held on January 11, in Raleigh, when the activities of the organization were discussed and plans were made for the furtherance of the work. These officers were delightfully entertained at luncheon at the Sir Walter Raleigh Hotel by the President, Mrs. Woodard.

* * *

South Carolina.—The thirty-first annual convention of the South Carolina Division was held in Rock Hill, November 29–December 1, the three Chapters of the city acting as hostesses, and much warm hospitality was dispensed.

Outstanding features of this convention was the one hundred per cent attendance of officers and ninety per cent attendance of the one hundred and thirty-two Chapters, and the presence of these general officers—Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, Past President General; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Past President General; and Mrs. R. D. Wright, General Chairman Education. The report of the Division President, Mrs. Thomas J. Mauldin, showed a broad scope of work.

Six new Chapters had been organized during the year, and five hundred new members gained. Ten new Chapters of Children of the Confederacy were organized and 528 new members gained.

The historical work rivals any previous historical report, the adoption of Latané's History by State Board of Education being the culmination of long endeavor.

South Carolina won ten of the general prizes: The Youree prize, \$25, for awarding second largest number of World War Crosses of Military Service; Faris trophy, largest number of new members between ages of eighteen and twenty-five years; Andrews Medal, best essay on Peace Conference; Mary D. Carter prize, \$25, for selling largest number of Horton's Youth's History; Washington House Medal, best essay on Albert Sidney Johnston; Special Prize—"The Pageant of America"—for preparing a report on "Errors and Omissions in Textbooks on American History;" Harvey Loving Cup, for registering largest number of C. of C. members; \$5 for best essay by C. of C. member on Arkansas Soldiers; \$5, for best essay by C. of C. on "Mammy in Old Plantation Days."

Thirteen thousand dollars has passed through the hands of the Treasurer. The South Carolina Division raised \$6,000 to match the \$5,000 appropriated by the legislature in 1927 for placing a memorial statue of Wade Hampton in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C.

The final report of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial scholarship fund showed South Carolina giving \$800, which was \$200 over her quota.

The educational work is gratifying, there being nine general U. D. C. scholarships, ten Division scholarships, seven from the four Districts, and twenty-two awarded by Chapters. Total for all educational purposes, \$8,276.50.

South Carolina Division will contribute, in 1928, \$100 to Mrs. Olivia Pooser, of Orangeburg, the only living Mother of the Confederacy in this State.

Plans were made for placing a handsome tablet in the First Baptist Church, Columbia, to mark the first meeting place of the Secession convention. The next State convention will be in

Columbia, and the unveiling ceremonies will take place at the time.

Two very handsome flags were presented to the Division in memory of Gen. Nathan B. Evans and his wife, who was one of the remarkable girls of the sixties. The old flag of the Edgefield Hussars, which was attached to the Hampton Legion, was also presented.

In Chapter reports, the loving thought and care of the Confederate veteran was the high point. In the recommendation of the State President, Daughters were urged to work for increase in pensions for Confederate veterans.

Miss Marion Salley, of Orangeburg, Past State Historian, was elected President of the Division, an honor well deserved, and for which she is highly qualified. The other officers for 1928 are: First Vice President, Mrs. Fred Culvern, Kershaw; Second Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Workman, Ware Shoals; Director Edisto District, Mrs. W. A. Dukes, Branchville; Director Pee Dee District, Mrs. W. B. Harris, Timmons-ville; Director Ridge District, to be supplied; Director Pied-

(Continued on page 78.)

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Historian General.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topics for February.

Folk Tales and Superstitions of the Negroes.

C. of C. Program for February.

Make a study of the city of Richmond, Va.; tell where located, who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

RULES GOVERNING PRIZES.

All these cups are held for one year by the winners, who are to have their names engraved, with date of award, and when filled they are to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Medals and money prizes are the property of the one winning name.

Contestants will please send postage if return of essay not winning prize is desired.

RULES.

1. Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.

2. Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope on outside of which is fictitious name only.

3. Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by October 1, 1928.

4. Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.

5. Prize winning essays to be property of the U. D. C.

6. These same rules apply to essays submitted by C. of C.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
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MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
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Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: In acknowledging the gracious courtesy and cordial greetings extended by our honored and beloved Commander in Chief, U. C. V., Gen. J. C. Foster, representative of the gallant heroes who sponsored the organization representing the labor and loving service of our mothers, we can but feel especially gratified that the chivalrous spirit of his mother of blessed memory and the loyal devotion to the Southland and all for which she stands, as exemplified in the charming woman who, as his life companion and his inspiration and ideal, have so left their impress as to add new luster to a life which has proved a benefaction, and helped to make the world a better place in which to live. May the new year deal gently, and time unlimited add only blessings to crown the sunset of life for them.

THE MONUMENT IMMORTAL

As fresh in the hearts of the South to-day as if it were but yesterday, the memory of the valor of the men who wore the gray lifts to heights unmeasured and treasures beyond compare these sacred memories waiting to fittingly memorialize them and to transmit to future generations the story of the glory of the sons of the South. The incomparable memorial being carved upon the face of Stone Mountain will carry, while time shall last, this wondrous story, and millions yet unborn will gaze upon the matchless faces of these idols of Southern hearts and hear the wondrous stories of heroism and find inspiration for high ideals, purity of purpose, and Christian citizenship.

Ere this reaches the press, the figure of the master mind, "The idol of the South," the peerless leader, Robert E. Lee, will stand out in bold relief, soon to have added the figures of Davis and Jackson, completing the central group.

Desiring to aid in every possible way in furthering this movement, space has been given this month to the Gold Star Book of Memory and the Children's Founders Roll. Each member and each Association is urged to have a part in thus lending support to the work and to assist Mrs. Rogers Winter, the very able volunteer worker for the Stone Mountain Memorial. Mrs. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Decatur Road, Atlanta, Ga., is General Chairman of this fund; please send reports of all contributions to her, and send to the Treasurer General, Mrs. J. T. Hight, Fayetteville, Ark., all funds collected for this purpose.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

GREETINGS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following comes from Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith, President of the C. S. M. Association of South Carolina:

"In the name of the Memorial Associations of South Carolina, I am sending New Year's greetings and all good wishes for a happy and successful season of service in the wonderful work that is being carried on under your devoted leadership.

"We, here, will continue our efforts to keep alive in the hearts of the youth of our State such an appreciation of our Southern heroes, the honoring of whose self-sacrificing devotion to home and country are the objects of our Association's endeavor, that they will deem it a sacred privilege to carry on the work begun by our noble women of the sixties.

"Assuring you of my appreciation of the honor conferred upon me in being made President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in South Carolina,

I am, with warm personal regards, yours sincerely,

VIDEAU M. LEGARE BECKWITH.

STONE MOUNTAIN CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL.

"Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave."

Like the echo of a bugle call to action from the bivouacs of the dead comes the call of the Children's Founders Roll, summoning the people of the South to unite in honoring "the men by Lee and Stonewall led."

Long ago they died. Some sleep now beneath the columned whiteness of cold marble; some, in silent, serried ranks, maintain the comradeships of war; and some lie, lost and lonely, in nameless graves on fields of battle hallowed by the blood of heroes.

Our dead!

Shall the ages efface their name and story, as Time and Death already have blurred the outward semblance of their souls?

Or shall we bring "up from the dust of the dead" the undying glory of the past?

Let us give to the ages the record of a people's valor, a people's pride, a people's sorrow, and a people's love.

Enroll the children of the South now in memory of their Confederate ancestors.

"On the muster roll of glory
In my country's future story"
I will consecrate their names.

The Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial, through its Children's Founders Roll and its Golden Book of Memory for the enrollment of living Confederate veterans, offers to the South a great opportunity to inscribe the names of the veterans of the sixties on an imperishable "muster roll of glory."

Will you join in memorializing the South's gray heroes? Will you make it possible for every living soldier of the sixties to own the gold medal which means that his name is written in the South's great Book of Memory?

More than sixty years ago the remnant of Lee's army stood with him at Appomattox. Worn with the stress of war, heartbroken with realization of the futility of their sacrifices, they watched, with tear-filled eyes, as their leader, stern, sad-eyed, but proudly humble, surrendered all save honor.

Thin, gaunt, and war-scarred, clothed in the tattered garments of a needy cause, they wended their way homeward again. Their battle flags, shell-torn and grimed, were furled at Lee's command; but they brought back with them the banners of their courage, the standards of their honor, unsullied by the stains of war. Wearing the hero-look of those who have faced death for honor's sake, they enlisted anew in the service of the South. Patriots in war, patriots in peace, they salvaged the hopes and the heritage of a people.

These of whom I speak were our own men, our own patriots, our own heroes. Shall we forget what they have done for us? Shall we permit their names to fade away into the oblivion of the years? Or shall we set their names where they will shine forever in the light of Fame?

Time moves on. Only a few of them are left. The hero look upon their faces has yielded to the touch of age. Soon the last gray soldier will have vanished in the mists that rise beyond the confines of eternity. Too late then to let them know how much we loved them. Too late then to give happiness to their old hearts. Too late then to see them thrill once more at the sight of the South's gold token of devotion. Now is the time to let them know that the South has not forgotten them and the cause for which they fought.

Enroll one or more veterans in the Golden Book of Memory. Send in your contribution of five dollars or more now. If every one will aid in this way, every name can be enrolled. Will you help?

MARY CARTER WINTER,
Volunteer Secretary for the Enrollment of Living Veterans.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEDALS PRESENTED.

Twenty-four Stone Mountain Memorial medals were presented to veterans at the Confederate Home of Louisiana, at New Orleans, recently, by members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The medals are of gold and depict in miniature the bas-relief of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, great Confederate leaders now being carved on the mountain near Atlanta.

"Dixie," sung by Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, opened the ceremony after an invocation by Rev. U. D. Mooney, D.D. W. O. Hart served as master of ceremonies, while Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, presented the medals. Brief addresses felicitating the veterans were made by Gen. W. J. Behan, president of the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that of the Washington Artillery, by J. B. Rosser, Jr., Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and by Capt. George A. Williams, superintendent of the Home, and James

F. Terrell, Jr., Commander of Camp Beauregard No. 130, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

At the conclusion of the several addresses, Miss Hodgson gave a pleasing history of the medal designed for the living veterans, concluding with a verse from a poem dedicated to the veterans, by Virginia Frazer Boyle:

"Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain
On these men who wore the gray;
They are the holiest tokens
In the Southern land to-day."

After the pinning on of the medals over the hearts of the dear old veterans, by Miss Hodgson, the program was concluded with the song, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and prayer.

OVER THE ROLLING HILLS.

BY MARY GILCHRIST POWELL, LOWNDESBOBO, ALA.

Over the rolling hills, fond longing leads me far
To the plains of snowy cotton, where the happy darkies are;
I hear their chanting melodies in memory to-night,
I hear the banjo's strumming, wierd, yet soft and light;
I see the lights, the home lights, beck'ning, calling me
To the land where men are really men, and hospitality
Is the password of all folk, where genuine friendship's fire—
Over those rolling hills and South to the Land of Heart's Desire!

Over the rolling hills to the land where memories reign
Of a long-furled flag and hosts in gray, honored, free from stain;
Of cavaliers and statesmen, high chivalry everywhere,
Of genial home fires burning, when hate and lust were rare;
Stately mansions, cottages, and love of native land,
Where woman ruled with graciousness her family, her band;
Could bard e'er write of fairer things or choose more glorious themes
Than those of the land o'er the rolling hills, my Wonderful
Land of Dreams?

Over the rolling hillside to the land of beauty bright,
Where the jessamine burns its censer in the deep wood's
darkest night;
Where the wail mocking bird gurgles rapture, nor ceases
even at dusk;
Where bloom the magnolia, the Cherokee rose, and the
witchingly sweet-scented musk;
Where rivers are silver and meadows are green, and skies
are ever of blue;
Where warm winds tune their tender lutes, and the sun shines
all the day thro'.
O! a song for the plains of summer snow, loveliest spot on
earth—
Aye, I long for the land o'er the rolling hills, God bless the
land of my birth!

[Miss Powell is now a girl of sixteen. The poem was written when she was but fifteen.]

HOLLY FROM CANADA.—A Christmas remembrance came to the VETERAN in a box of holly from British Columbia, sent by a patron and friend, P. Fletcher, of Victoria, with hearty greeting from "an English sympathizer with Confederate ideas," all of which was very cheering to the "Old Confed."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Stone Mountain. Atlanta, Ga.

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

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PLANS FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

General Headquarters has made an official call for the 1928 dues of your Camp. The constitution provides that a per capita tax of \$1 shall be paid by each Camp for every active member in good standing and an initiation fee of \$1 on all new members. And that the Camp shall remit its dues on all of its members during the month of January of each year.

The constitution also provides that officers shall be elected either during the months of December or January, to take effect in January. The Adjutant in Chief requests that this be done, and that he be advised promptly of your action.

From all reports, the reunion and convention at Little Rock, Ark., May 8-11, 1928, will go down in history as the most successful one that we have ever had. Thirty-two committees have been named, and each one is functioning splendidly. They have secured a cent a mile rate west of the Mississippi River, and are assured of great reductions in Southeastern territory. Chairman Edmond R. Wiles is enthusiastic about the great preparations; talks of the determination of his people to make it the greatest of all reunions. Six bands have already been secured for music, including the famous Cowboy Band from Abilene, Tex. The Southern Cross Drill will be one of the great features of the reunion ball, following immediately after the Grand March of the veterans.

All comrades who contemplate attending the convention should make application for reservations at once to Mr. W. S. Daniel, War Memorial Building, Little Rock, Ark. Comrade Edmond R. Wiles, Commander Army Trans-Mississippi Department, is General Chairman of the Reunion Committee, and you may rest assured that all of your inquiries will receive prompt attention.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 5.

1. The Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is very anxious that each Division at least double its membership in 1928 over that of 1927, which can be very easily done if the Division Commanders and their officers devote a very small part of their time toward this work. In

order that the Division Commanders who may take sufficient interest in the organization to increase the membership of their divisions as hereinafter set out, the Commander in Chief has authorized the awarding of a solid gold Division Commander's Badge at the Little Rock convention, suitably engraved, to the Division Commanders who increase the membership of their respective Divisions, as follows, by May 10, 1928:

Alabama, from 592 to 1,092; Arkansas, from 345 to 845; Central, from 39 to 200; District of Columbia and Maryland, from 113 to 226; Eastern, from 107 to 214; Florida, from 1,702 to 1,702; Georgia, from 617 to 1,117; Kentucky, from 237 to 474; Louisiana, from 152 to 652; Mississippi, from 228 to 500; Missouri, from 77 to 200; North Carolina, from 263 to 526; Oklahoma, from 179 to 500; Pacific, from 0 to 200; South Carolina, from 651 to 1,151; Tennessee, from 166 to 666; Texas, from 282 to 782; Virginia, from 1,188 to 1,500; West Virginia, from 131 to 262.

Your Commander in Chief first thought that he would authorize the awarding of this badge to every Division which would double its membership, but upon going fully into the matter, he saw that this basis would be unfair to a number of the Divisions. Therefore, after taking into careful consideration the memberships in the different Divisions for the past five years, he has set a minimum membership which it is believed that any Division Commander can attain with very little effort.

HOST TO THE REUNION.

By special invitation extended during the last meeting of the legislature, the State of Arkansas invited the thirty-eighth annual reunion to meet within its borders, and, to demonstrate its earnestness in extending the invitation, appropriated the sum of \$30,000, to be used in defraying the expenses of caring for these heroes who wore the gray and their descendants in what is probably the last reunion to be held west of the Mississippi River. All committees necessary for carrying out the plans have been organized and at work since September. "We welcome you to the 'Wonder State' and the 'City of Roses,'" says Edmond R. Wiles, general chairman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, OF NEW ORLEANS.

My very first recollection of Mr. Davis was a visit he paid to our plantation home in Madison County, Miss., in September, 1853, or 1854. I was eight or nine years of age at the time.

He had come from Vicksburg by train to Jackson, thence by stage to Canton, where my father met him with the carriage. There was no railroad in Madison until 1855. The people of our neighborhood had arranged to give Mr. Davis a reception. I do not know whether it was a home coming from Washington, or whether it was to be an occasion of congratulations on a recent election success. That feature of his visit did not interest me. Every arrangement had been completed for a barbecue and fish fry, to be held at Big Lake, a beautiful body of water on my father's land, three miles distant from the house. The barbecue was given the day following his arrival.

A dozen or more neighbors had assembled at our home and were sitting on the long gallery, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Davis. When he and my father alighted from the carriage, the people all stood up, and my father introduced him to those who had not formerly known him as Colonel Davis, and my mother called him "Colonel." The distinction he had gained as a soldier in Mexico had not been forgotten. He was still the soldier hero of the people. Mr. Davis was very much pleased by the presence of the people on his arrival, due somewhat, I think, to the fact that Madison was a Whig county.

The next time I remember Mr. Davis was at a Fourth of July barbecue in the little town of Fannin, Rankin County, two years later. For some reason, my father was not present.

There were visitors from four counties—Hines, Madison, Scott, and Rankin. I saw Mr. Davis and gave him the message sent by my father, expressing regret for not being there. At first he did not recognize me. He lifted my hat, and asked: "Is this Bud, Hamilton Dinkin's son? Tell your mother and father how sorry I am they are not here." It was clear to me that Mr. Davis was the idol of the people. Every one wanted to be near him, and it was with difficulty he was able to speak, so insistent were the people to have a personal touch with him.

I next saw Mr. Davis the day following the battle of Seven Pines. He and General Lee, who succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, rode along our lines. We could not cheer him because of the close proximity of the Yankee works.

I saw him again on April 11, 1863, in Richmond, where I had gone from Fredericksburg to accept an appointment as first lieutenant of cavalry.

Twenty-four years afterwards, I saw him at his home on the peaceful Mississippi Sound—1887. I was living at Aberdeen, Miss., and was president of the Fair Association. It was decided that a committee should go to Beauvoir and invite Mr. Davis to the fair, that the people might see him once more. The committee consisted of John M. Allen, Judge E. O. Sykes, Colonel Ed Russell, R. L. Hatch, and myself. We had a private car furnished by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad for the trip. The car was placed on a side track in rear of the house, and we passed around to the front, where Mr. Davis was standing on the high gallery to receive us. He was greatly changed since I last saw him, and I felt a reverence for him that I will not forget. He was then eighty years of age. Judge Sykes made the address. Mr. Davis

was quite feeble, and when he arose to reply, he held on to the back of the chancel chair. He began to speak in a conversational voice, but soon he straightened up and all the fire and vigor of the past came back. He made a wonderful speech. He told us how dearly he would enjoy going to the fair to see the people, but his health would not permit it.

We returned to our homes impressed more than before of the grandeur and greatness of our President.

Mr. Davis died at the home of Judge Charles E. Fenner, in New Orleans, in the summer of 1889. His body lay in state in the City Hall, and thousands visited the place to see his face once more, and unnumbered thousand attended the funeral in Metairie Cemetery, where his remains were temporarily placed, in the tomb of the "Association of the Army of Northern Virginia."

The qualities displayed by Mr. Davis during his boyhood were present with him during life. He was a man of unimpeachable integrity, liberal mind, and of the highest moral principles. No man ever had a greater moral integrity than Mr. Davis. He was a man of high purpose, spotless integrity, and exalted patriotism. A man who in the field exhibited dauntless courage and to the cabinet a breadth of view and grasp of conditions which marked him as the deep student of our institutions, and in the South worthy to sit with the noblest; and when defeat and disaster and utter ruin overtook us, he bore with patient and calm demeanor the bitter shafts of calumny and slander—the man who typified what we loved so ardently that his name seems linked in indissoluble union with the rise, the glory, and the defeat of the great Southern cause.

Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier, a man of high character, a cabinet officer, a president. Not put in office by a bullet, but by ballot.

I would not needlessly stir the blood of the American youth, but I would have him read the true story of the War between the States. I would have him study the lives and characters of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, take and follow them as examples of statesmanship, patriots, and private citizens. I would have them remember that brilliant civilization that adorned the South at the breaking out of the war. I would have them know it all—the whole truth.

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued from page 63.)

forward to take him. All the troops in Boston seized arms to repel a general attack, when the governor appeared and appealed to the infuriated citizens to disperse.

The casualties amounted to five dead and six wounded. The day after the shooting a town meeting was held under the leadership of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. Before their determined protest the governor yielded, and the soldiers were withdrawn from the town. The incident had a marked influence on all of the colonists.

When the time came for the Constitution to be ratified or rejected, all eyes in Massachusetts were turned on John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had tremendous influence. They were both known to hesitate, and Adams, in particular, was not to be convinced easily. He was devoted to his State and thought her interests were to be sacrificed. In the convention, Hancock was induced to offer a number of proposed amendments supporting the rights of the States. Adams announced that he was satisfied, and ratification was carried by the relatively small majority of nineteen.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 73.)

mont District, Mrs. M. C. Milling, Greenwood; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. Cottingham, Dillon; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John M. Kinard, Newberry; Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. L. Farmer, Columbia; Historian, Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Anderson; Registrar, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, Union; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. H. Sumner, Newberry; Director of Publicity, Miss Zena Payne, Johnston; Auditor, Mrs. D. H. Laney, Chesterfield.

* * *

Tennessee.—Tennessee has had two District Conferences, November 25, at Knoxville, and December 9, at Murfreesboro. Both were successful. Mrs. Eugene Monday, Third Vice President of the Division, and Chairman for East Tennessee, had a particularly full and interesting program.

The Past President of Tennessee Division, Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, is now serving as Corresponding Secretary General.

An especially handsome and interesting Yearbook has been gotten out by Mrs. A. R. Dodson, of Humboldt, Historian of the Tennessee Division. It is profusely illustrated, and in addition to the historical topics and list of prizes for historical work, there is much information of Tennessee history. The booklet is indeed a credit to the Historical Department of the Tennessee Division.

* * *

Virginia.—In honor of its President, "The Jennie Gunn Ball Student Loan Fund" at William and Mary College has been started by Lee Chapter, of Richmond.

Also, on November 19, a memorial boulder, erected on the Jefferson Davis Highway, about eight miles from Richmond, was unveiled by E. G. Tyler and J. R. Tyree, two Confederate veterans, aged eighty-one and ninety-one years respectively, in honor of the heroic ancestors of Lee Chapter members.

The address was made by Judge Frank T. Sullon, son of a Confederate veteran, and the singing of Confederate songs was an attractive feature. The President of the Chapter outlined the work and explained that the names of the ancestors with their records and the names of the contributing descendants were written on parchment and sealed in a copper box imbedded in the boulder.

A SURPRISE THAT FAILED.

BY S. T. STRATTON, COMPANY I, 10TH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

It was in the spring of the year that General Johnston brought his army from the Peninsula. Our regiment, the 10th Georgia, was camped on the right of the road leading from Richmond to the Chickahominy, which was known, I think, as the New Bridge Road. The right of our regiment was on the road, and the left extended back on the ridge overlooking the bottom, which was a large plantation. At this point the river ran close to the ridge, and on the opposite bank, with only a small strip of timber and elder bushes on our side of the stream. The guard on duty at this bridge was of Louisiana troops, known as Forneaux's Battalion.

Joshua Shropshire and I strolled off to the left of the regiment, and while down the hill near the bottom, he called my attention to several men who had come out of the woods upstream. I thought they were some of our boys out foraging. In a minute or so a dozen or more appeared, and we then saw by their uniforms that they were Federal troops and had guns at carry arms. Shropshire ran as fast as he could to notify Colonel Cummings, and I went just as fast to Corporal

Robertson, of Manly's North Carolina Battery, which was parked in the rear of our regiment, Robertson being our favorite gunner. He was satisfied they were Federal troops, and about this time a Federal officer on horseback appeared at the edge of the woods. Corporal Robertson got a gun in position and was about to fire, when Colonel Cummings ran up and ordered him not to, as it might be some of our men; but as soon as Colonel Cummings was satisfied with the situation, the long roll was sounded and a line of battle formed, and we had quite a skirmish for a while. In some way the enemy got across the stream, which was quite narrow at this point, and were fired at by Corporal Robertson when ascending the hill on the opposite side. The object of their move was to capture the guard at the bridge, and our prompt action saved the surprise.

I have written this in the hope of hearing from some of my old comrades of days gone by. My address is 1505 North Peak Street, Dallas, Tex.

OCOEE.

(The suggested State Flower for Tennessee is the Passion Flower, so called by the early Spaniards, and by our own pioneers the "May Pop" and "Wild Apricot," but the Cherokee Indians called it "Ocoee," and they prized it as their most abundant and beautiful of all flowers.)

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee,"

The Indian Maiden sang.

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee."

The echoing mountains rang:

"Give me thy blooms, Oco-ee,

Give me thy flowers rare,

Thy twilight blue of sunset be,

To bind my mourning hair.

Give me thy gems, Oco-ee,

Thy turquoise crown unfold,

Beset with bars of yellow stars

On calyxes of gold.

Oco-ee, one my bridal flower—

(Now widowed, thou shalt be)—

My warrior comes not home again,

He comes not home to me,

Oco-ee."

"Oco-ee, Oco-ee, Oco-ee,

'Twas here he won my love,

Your flowers were my bridal bed,

Blue as the skies above,

But O, alas! he lies

Unburied in an unknown land,

Beneath its unknown skies.

Thy gems are tears, Oco-ee,

(Ay, yellow tears forlorn!)

Thy blue is turned to ruth and rue,

Thy turquoise crown is thorn.

Farewell, my land, my life, my love,

Farewell, O flower of woe,

My warrior comes not home to me

But I to him will go,

Oco-ee."

—John Trotwood Moore.

STILL GOING AFTER THEM.—Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., writes that he has passed into his eighty-eighth year, but is all right when he gets into his jitney and goes out for subscribers to the VETERAN. He built up the list at Gainesville and continues to hold it up to "top notch" by his continued efforts every year. May his tribe increase!

W. C. Reeves, of Merkel, Tex., a subscriber to the VETERAN since 1902—and to the end—writes that he served in Company B, 8th Tennessee Regiment. He is now nearing his eighty-fourth milestone. His address is Route No. 1 Box 51.

Maj. Jere C. Dennis, of Dadeville, Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., sends a new subscriber to the VETERAN and writes that he will "make special efforts to follow it with a number of others." If every Son of the Confederacy would do a little missionary work in this way, the VETERAN would prosper. Who will be next?

"Yis, sor, work is scarce; but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me a quid."

"What, Pat; you broke the Sabbath?"

"Well, sor, it wuz me or the Sabbath. Wan of us had to be broke."—*Melbourne Punch.*

TO COMRADES OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Maj. Gen. David C. Shanks, U. S. Army, retired, is now engaged in writing "The Best Stories of the War," and he is asking that comrades of the American Legion will help him by contributing some of those humorous incidents or appealing stories which they remember and which had their setting in camp, rest house, in the hospitals, on the piers, or aboard transports. He will be grateful, indeed, for all this, and will give credit to all who will permit it.

General Shanks has a recent book to his credit, "As They Passed through the Port," which deals with experiences in the late great war. Address him at Washington, D. C., the Wyoming Apartments.

KNOCKED OUT!—A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell and asked the young woman who answered if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would give away. "I am the doctor," said the young woman, and the tramp fell down the steps.—*Capper's.*

J. H. Faubion, of Leander, Tex., who served with Company C, of the 26th Tennessee Infantry, writes that he is the only wearer of the gray left in that section, so he has to depend altogether

Deafness

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Wilson Ear Drum Co., Inc., in Position
961 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

upon the VETERAN for "Confederate news." He is now eighty-four years old, and the nearest comrade to him, ten miles away, is ninety-two.

Mrs. W. N. Woods, 2933 Fifth Street, Lubbock, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Asa Pardee Bracken, a Kentucky soldier under Morgan. He was reared in Ohio County, Ky., near or in Cromwell, by an uncle, Bowles Bracken. Any information on his war service will be appreciated by Mrs. Woods.

He had ordered some chicken soup in the lunchroom and, having tasted, it said to the waitress:

"What is this you have brought me?"

"Deed, sah, dat's chicken soup," was the reply.

"Well, there is no chicken in it."

"No, sah; dere ain't no dog in dog biscuits, either!"

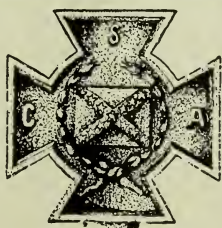
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Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1928.

The Confederate Veteran,
Nashville, Tenn.

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